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RAJAH BROOKE—THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS.

Only too little is known of this great man in Canada. We purpose to glean from all available sources what we can concerning his remarkable career. Before us lie his journals, in two large octavos, and his life, by Spencer St. John, F.R.G.S., formerly his Secretary and more recently H. M. Consul-General in Borneo. From these and many articles in reviews and elsewhere, a sufficient record of his achievements may be gathered.

In person Brooke was a very handsome man, with features singularly like those of Byron, but with a frank, heroic bearing which the self-torturing poet never had. He was born at Bengal, India, in 1803, and died in Devonshire, England, 1868. His father prepared him for a cadetship in the East India Company's service. He received a gun-shot wound in the chest at the storming of a Burmese fort, and was forced to return to England. Exceeding his furlough he lost his appointment as a petty Indian officer, and became instead a great subduer and civilizer of savage tribes, and the founder of a potent dynasty. He has been well styled by Sebastian Evans the "last of the Vikings." From the spirited account of Rajah Brooke by this writer we abridge the following paragraphs:

The actual turning-point in the career of the Rajah, says Mr. Evans, is when he lands at Madras as an ensign in the Bengal Native Infantry, bound to reach Calcutta within eleven days—a feat which was impossible—on pain of forfeiting his commission. It is 1830, and he is now twenty-seven. He has hated John Company and his evil ways from the beginning. He hates his profession, at all events in the position of a subaltern. He hates making explanations to the Court of Directors

and requesting their "favourable consideration" of his case. Above all, he hates suspense, and then and there he renounces the Hon. East India Company and all its work. The hour has come. The father exerts his influence with the Court of Di-

TREE-DWELLING, BORNEO.

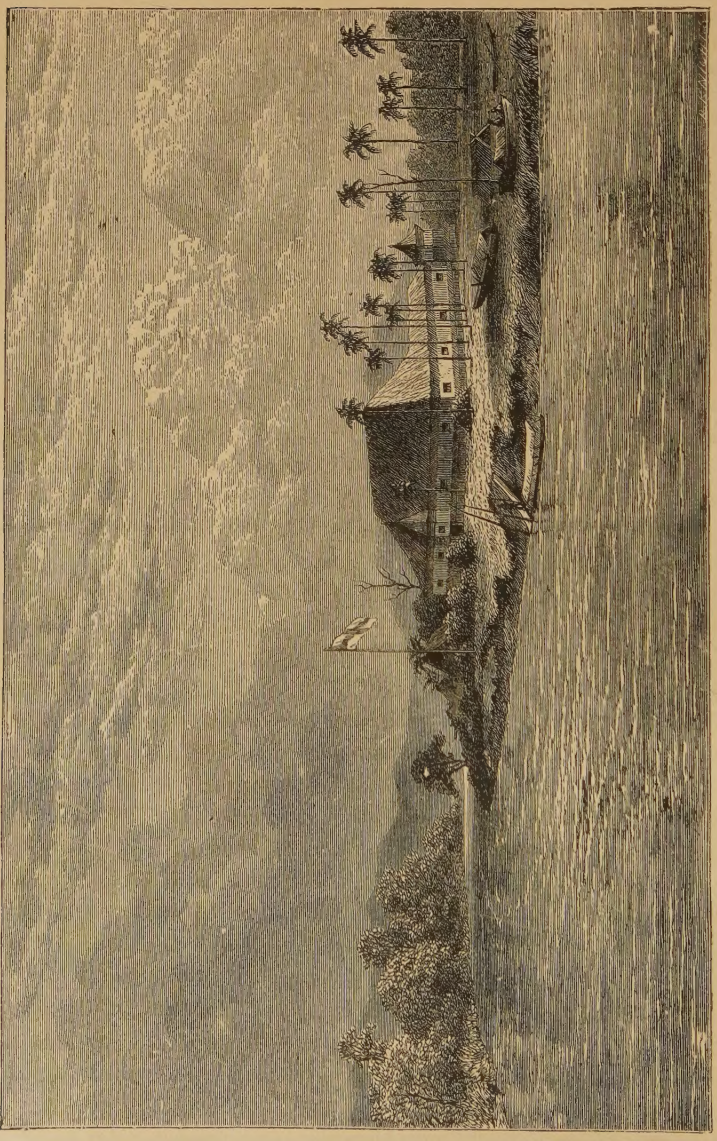
rectors to have his son restored to the service, but the son's decision is taken once for all. The *Castle Huntley*, which took him to Madras, brings him back, a free man, to England, but not till he has seen Penang, Malacca, Singapore, Canton, Whampoa and St. Helena, and drunk into his inmost soul the promise of adventure in far Eastern seas. The death of his father, in

1835, leaves him master of £30,000, and in March, 1836, "the schooner" is purchased, though it is not till the end of 1838 that the *Royalist* stands out to sea from Devonport on the great enterprise.

The proposals for his expedition to Borneo, published in the *Athenæum* before starting, are drawn up with something of the air of a Royal Manifesto. He says in effect:—"The preponderating influence of the Dutch in the Eastern Archipelago is prejudicial to the interests of England, and a curse to the native races. I am minded to advance the commercial prosperity of England, and to better the condition of the native races by acquiring territorial possession in the Archipelago. I have carefully weighed all difficulties, and am clearly of opinion that for this purpose a schooner of 142 tons, with a good crew and James Brooke as commander, is amply sufficient." And sufficient it is. But perhaps the most noteworthy point is the Viking-like avowal that territorial possession is a main object of the voyage—possessions not won, indeed, by unrighteous conquest, nor extorted by swindling treaties—possession obtained by fair means and beneficial to all concerned,—possession, possibly to be handed over to the Crown of England, but nevertheless, territorial possession, a foothold for English military and naval forces.

On August 15th, 1839, the *Royalist* anchors abreast of Kuching, in the Sarāwak river, in northern Borneo. Muda Hassim is the Rajah, and receives the Englishman in state. But there is war in the land, and after some six weeks spent in ceremonial visitings and exploration of the neighbouring rivers and coast, Brooke sails for Singapore, and thence to Celebes, intending to return to Sarāwak when hostilities have ceased. Muda Hassim implores him to return. He will make over the country of Siniawan and Sarāwak, its government and trade, if only the white-faced warrior will help to subdue the rebels. Brooke shows no hurry to accept the offer, but returns to the grand army with unlimited powers, and before the close of 1840 the four years' war is concluded by the utter defeat of the enemy and the capture of their fort. Brooke informs the Rajah that the only course to prevent bloodshed is to proclaim Brooke himself Governor of the country, according to his promise. An explicit agreement is drawn up, making over the government of Sarāwak and its dependencies to Brooke; he on his part undertaking to pay a small annual tribute to the Sultan of Bruné, and to

respect the laws and religion of the country. This document is duly signed, and on September 24th, 1841, James Brooke



JUAN MUDA'S RESIDENCE, SARAWAK.

begins his reign as Rajah of Sarāwak. The monopoly of antimony supplies the revenue—some £6,000 per annum—scanty, but sufficient. A simple code, adopting in the main the laws

of the country, is not only published, but enforced. In fact, with four Europeans and eight natives he rules his state right royally.

"I work," he says, "like a galley-slave ; I fight like a common soldier. The poorest man in England might grumble at my diet ; luxuries I have none, necessaries are often deficient. I am separated from civilized life and educated men ; months pass without my being able to communicate with home and friends. Every trouble and danger is mine, and the prospect of compensation—bare compensation—distant and uncertain. Could money tempt any man to this?"

After obtaining from the Sultan of Bruné a recognition of his title, and with the welcome aid of Captain, now Sir Henry Keppel, visiting the Sarebus, Sakarran and other pirate tribes with well-merited chastisement, Brooke in 1847 returns to England.

Her Majesty confers upon him the honours of a K.C.B., the University of Oxford those of an LL.D., the City of London those of a freeman. His country is justly proud of him, and withholds no token which can testify its appreciation of himself and his services. Before the close of the year, in addition to his former appointment of Commissioner to the Native States, he is appointed Governor of Labuan and Consul-General of Borneo, and the next autumn witnesses his triumphant return to Sarāwak, laden with honours and offices—a trifle sunburnt, maybe, with the sudden blaze of flattery and favour, but heart-whole and with head unturned, a Viking victorious alike over Bornean piracy and British red-tapery, dominant still in prosperity as in adversity over himself and his fortunes.

But the downfall is as sudden as the rise. On his first visit as Governor to Labuan he is struck down by fever and subsequent ague, and his illness is aggravated by anxiety on account of the withdrawal, under orders from Government, of the ships on the continued assistance and protection of which he has been led to reckon. Early in 1849 he is back in Kuching. The Sarebus tribes have taken the opportunity of the absence of any available British force to renew their depredations, and have slaughtered some 400 peaceful natives. Brooke, with such forces as he can muster, sails up the Kalaka river and inflicts severe punishment on the pirates. An account of this expedition, charging its leader with "cruel butchery" and "brutal murder of the helpless and defenceless," appears in the Singapore *Straits Times*, is republished in the *Daily News*,

and is there read by Mr. Joseph Hume. But this is only the prelude of the storm. Brooke's remonstrances induce the Government to act, and H.M. ship *Albatross* and H.M. sloop *Royalist* are sent to Sarāwak. Thus reinforced, and with the assistance of Dyaks and Malays, the war-fleet of the Sarebus and Sakarran pirates is utterly destroyed, 500 men are killed sword in hand, and five times that number escape to the jungle never again to resume their infernal trade. This victory was one of the most purely beneficent ever achieved in the interests of humanity. Yet when the news of the defeat of the pirate-tribes arrives in England, a commercial rival accordingly writes to Lord John Russell, then Premier, expressing his pious horror at the Rajah's proceedings, and a good deal besides. In Parliament Mr. Cobden and Mr. Hume open fire upon the Rajah. Indignant at the treachery—or what naturally seemed to him the treachery—of the Government, Brooke has resigned the appointment he held in the public service. It brings home clearly to Brooke's mind the incompatibility of the functions of a British Governor and Consul-General with those of an independent Rajah, and having now finally elected to retain the latter, he appoints a Council of State and determines to exercise his sovereignty with full freedom.

And happily for Brooke, Sarāwak already relies upon its own resources—on the love of the people for their ruler, on their courage and loyalty. He returns to England to treat with regard to the cession of Sarāwak to England under certain conditions, but is struck with paralysis before a decision is arrived at. His intellect, however, is still unclouded. The tide of popular opinion has again turned in his favour. Money is forthcoming, and friends worthy of his friendship are vigilant and helpful. But the decision of the Government is unfavourable. Lord Derby cannot shut his eyes to "the extreme inconvenience, to say the least of it, of such undertakings as Sir James Brooke's," and Sarāwak is finally left to shift for itself. This is at the close of 1858. In 1860 affairs in Sarāwak demand his presence, and he leaves his retreat and churchwardenship at Burrator to visit his kingdom once again. By the beginning of 1864 he has returned to his Devonshire home, where, a retired English country gentleman, trusted, honoured and loved by all about him, the first Rajah of Sarāwak passes away from among men on June 11th, 1868.

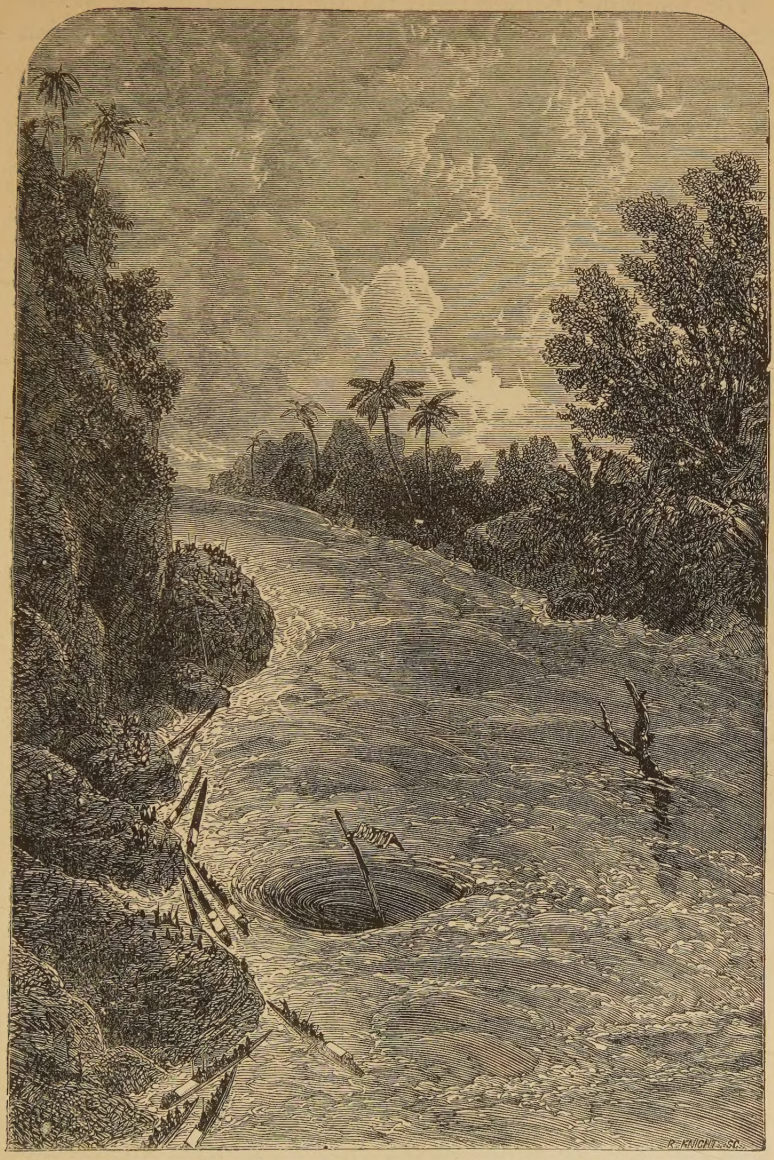
So much, in barest outline, of the man. His day's work in the

world is summed up in the one word "Sarāwak." From the first moment he is called upon to govern, he never for a moment

FOOT OF LOWER RAPID, SARAWAK.

hesitates as to the principles on which his government shall be based. He will not *exploiter* the country to amass a fortune to spend in England. He will not rule as a conqueror over sub-

jugated races. He will start with things as he finds them, support what is fair and just in the existing system,—jealously maintaining every not intolerable tradition and custom, social, political, and religious—put down bloodshed with a high hand, administer law with unswerving justice and without oppression, gradually introducing reforms and new measures as they are wanted, and, with the consent of the people, frame his entire system with a regard for the interests of those he rules, rather than of the rulers themselves, whatever be the colour of their skins. The principles are simple enough, but the practice of them by Europeans in relation to Oriental races is unique in history. Progress, doubtless, is slow under such conditions. The trader and the missionary are perhaps inclined to think it a little too slow. But the Rajah knows that thus, and thus only, is true progress possible. Surely the experiment is one worth watching by Englishmen. It is, perhaps, not travelling too far beyond the reviewer's province to note that up to this time the experiment has been successful. In the hands of the present Rajah Brooke, the nephew and worthy successor of Sir James, Sarāwak still remains unprotected and unannexed, an independent sovereignty; year by year growing in power and importance as year by year its vast natural resources are more efficiently developed, and its government more firmly established. The real interest attaching to Sarāwak is centred not in its abundant wealth of natural resources, but in its system of government. It has demonstrated the possibility of ruling a population of about 150,000, consisting mainly of Malays and Dyaks, with a large infusion of Chinese and a few Indians, by means of a mere handful of Europeans—not by force, but through the people, and for the people themselves, and in such a manner as to transform a race of men exclusively devoted, not five-and-thirty years ago, to piracy and head-hunting, into peaceful, loyal, law-abiding citizens. The machinery by which this has been effected is of almost patriarchal simplicity. There is a naval force which can be called out in case of emergency. There is a military force which, during the last fourteen years, has remained at its full complement of 120 men, divided into two companies of "Sarāwak Rangers." And of what material do these forces consist? Of Malays and Dyaks, a large majority of the latter men of the very tribes which Brooke's humane severity rescued from the lower depths of barbarism to become in after years the trusted defenders of his infant kingdom. Of the missions, churches, schools, hospital and dis-



MANKIM RAPID, SARAWAK.

pensary, club, reading-room, library, commercial associations, of hotels, lighthouses, roads, and fifty other institutions which Sarāwak possesses in common with other British settlements on a corresponding scale, there is no need to speak.

The following paragraphs give the opinion of Mr. W. D. Hornaday, a distinguished traveller, of the Dyaks and of Rajah Brooke's work among them:—

The Dyaks of northern Borneo are in some respects perhaps the most remarkable people in the world. It is not by reason of their intelligence, for they are simple-minded, unlettered savages, without a written language. Nor is it on account of their skill in arts and manufactures, for they have no such skill whatever. Neither is it on account of the buildings and monuments they erect, for of the latter they build none at all, and their only buildings are their long village-houses, set up high on posts, which, being entirely of wood, last but a few years.

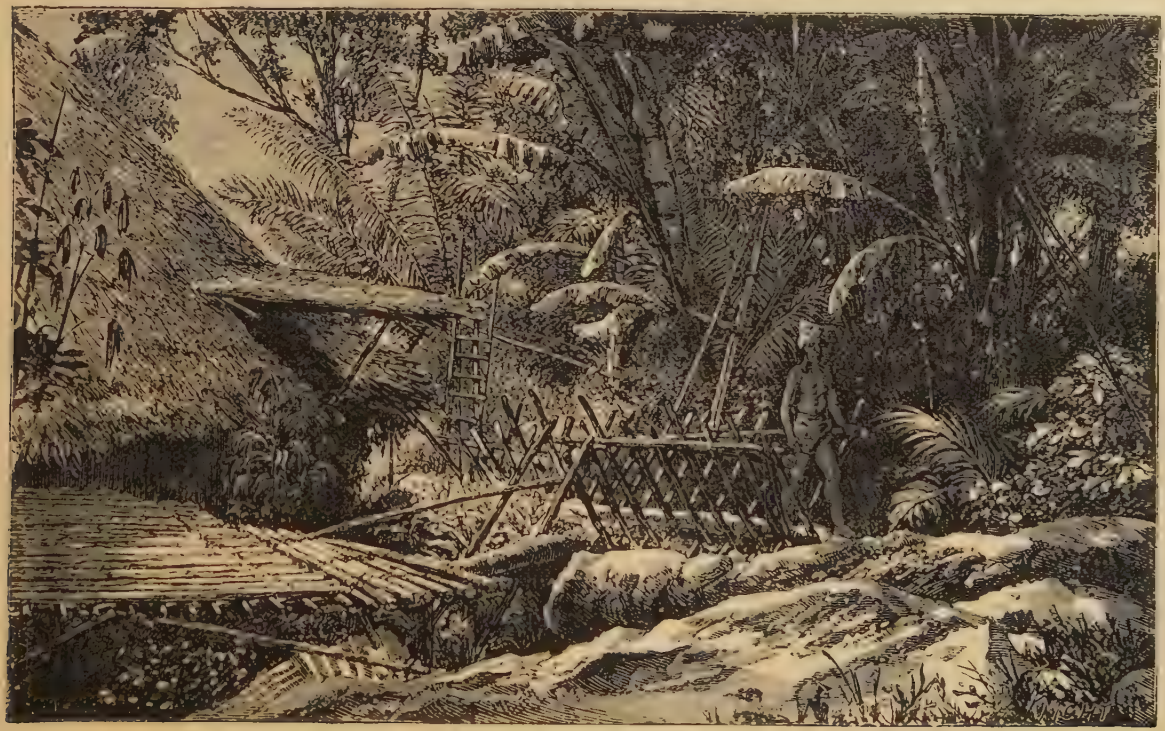
"Then," asks the reader, "for what are they remarkable?"

Simply this: For their moral principles, their innocence of hypocrisy, lying and all forms of deceit so common amongst all civilized people and most savages, for their virtue, their fair-mindedness, their great and abiding paternal and parental affection, their chivalrous regard for woman, their respect for the rights of property, and the sacredness of human character from slander and vituperation.

At times I am almost afraid to write anything about the Dyaks, lest I overdraw my account of them, and make them out better than they are. I could not have believed so much of the Dyaks myself if I had not seen them. I encountered many strange beasts and birds and creeping things in the East Indies, but none were to me half so wonderful as the Dyaks of Sarāwak.

It is almost a misnomer to call them any longer by their old, familiar name, "head-hunters," for now that is only an empty name for people who are innocent of head-taking and all similar crimes against humanity. Their war-shields and jackets have been used up as playthings for the children; the deadly *parong latok*, which could easily cut off a man's head at a single sweep, has become a rusty heirloom, and their immense *bang-kongs*, or war-boats, large enough to hold seventy-five men, have fallen to pieces, and totally disappeared from the rivers of Sarāwak.

The only trophies of their head-hunting days, which they preserve with great care, and refuse to part with either for love or money, are the head trophies themselves. They are to be found only in the larger villages, to which they have descended from the past generation.



Dyak Bridge and Abode, Sarawak.

When Rajah Brooke landed in Borneo, in 1839, he found the territory of Sarāwak in a most pitiable condition. The country was misgoverned by a lot of reprobate Malay nobles, who inflicted every manner of oppression—slavery, robbery and murder—upon the patient and long-suffering Dyaks of the jungle. The wretched people were stripped of their crops, their goods, and in many cases their wives and children, which grieved them most of all. If they raised their voices against their oppressors, the Malays would send powerful hostile tribes against them, and often exterminate a whole village at a single blow. In a few years more the Dyaks of Sarāwak would have been either exterminated or driven from the territory. But, thanks to a merciful Providence, Sir James Brooke secured control of the country, with absolute power, and set about the task of bringing order out of chaos.

He was another Abraham Lincoln. Like him, his character was a combination of the wisdom of a judge, the courage of a general, the virtue and goodness of a philanthropist. He found the Dyaks with the worst government in the world, and he gave them the best. He found them at perpetual war, and he gave them lasting peace. He found them poverty-stricken, oppressed, persecuted and hunted like wild beasts, and he left them free, protected, prosperous and happy. They gave him loyalty and obedience, and in return he gave them wholesome laws and justice which is speedy, sure and free as air to the poorest subject.

Nowhere in the world, so far as I know, is life and property so secure and so sacred as amongst the once fierce head-hunters of Sarāwak. I have been robbed by white men in the United States, by black men in the Indies both East and West, by red men in South America, and by yellow men in the far East; but amongst the Dyaks, with no protection to either person or property, I never lost a pin's worth by theft. Had the Sibuyau Dyaks been like the negroes of Barbadoes, or the Mexicans of the Rio Grande, they could have stripped me of all my movables, with perfect safety to themselves. But their honesty afforded my property more impregnable security than the average bank vault does here.

The dwellings of the Dyaks are unique. They never live in towns with the Malays, Chinese and others, but in the clearings along the river banks, or in the fastnesses of the hill-jungle you will find their long village-houses, usually but one

up a new career to all classes of the population. His nephew succeeded to the throne on his death, and is successfully carrying on the Government and extending the boundaries of the new State."

With a brief reference to our illustrations we close this article. The frontispiece gives some idea of the primitive style of dress and appearance of the Dyak tribes, and cut 2 exhibits their extraordinary habitations in the tree tops. The sort of feudal fortress of the native chiefs is shown in cut 3. The perils of the navigation of the rapid river and of the manner in which they are overcome, by dragging the long and light canoes up the arrowy streams and past the eddying whirlpools, are shown in cuts 4 and 5. The ingenuity of the native bridges, as indicated in cut 6, illustrates the skill of the Dyaks in this useful craft. Even these fierce "head hunters" have been found amenable to the elevating and ennobling influences of Christianity, and the neat church shown in cut 7, compared with the rude tree-dwelling, marks the progress in Christian civilization of these interesting people.

AFTER A LITTLE WHILE.

THERE is a strange, sweet solace in the thought
That all the woes we suffer here below
May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
For us to wear, whether we will or no,
Be cast aside with a revealing smile,
After a little while.

No mortal roaming but hath certain end;
Though far unto the ocean spaces grey
We sail and sail, without a chart or friend,
Above the sky line faint and far away,
There looms at last the one enchanted isle,
After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and fast,
With more of anguish than the heart can bear,
Though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast,
Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
Or lonely forest aisle,

And contemplate the never-ceasing change
Whereby the processes of God are wrought,
And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
Till, bathed in currents of exalted thought,
We feel the rest that must our cares beguile,
After a little while.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VII.

LANDING-PLACE, PORT HENDERSON.

Tuesday, November 13th.—As usual I was awakened at three by the golden light of the moon streaming into the cabin, and had, therefore, plenty of time to think about the long and somewhat complicated day's journey which Major Woodgate had been good enough to arrange for us. In his own covered carriage and three others, we were to drive some forty or fifty miles through some of the finest scenery of the island, from Port Henderson, by way of Spanish Town, and over Mount Diablo to Moncague, and Ocho Rios on the northern side. The *Sunbeam* was to start at the same time that we did, and to

steam round the south-east end of the island so as to arrive, at five or six the same evening, at Ocho Rios, where Tom was to dine on board H.M.S. *Dido* with Captain Vander-Meulen, and where we were to rejoin the yacht.

It was a glorious morning, and the blue peaks of the bluest mountains in the world looked perhaps more enchanting than we had ever seen them before, as we took our farewell glance at them and crossed the tranquil waters of the bay. We were not long in reaching Port Henderson, one of the watering-places of Jamaica, where there are some excellent mineral springs; the only drawback to them being that, in order to enjoy the benefit of their medicinal qualities, it is necessary for the visitor to live in a house built of the wood of the old flag-ship *Aboukir*, which was condemned because crew after crew employed on board her died from yellow fever, with which her timbers were thoroughly impregnated. The *Tyrian*, another "yellow-fever ship," was disrated for the same reason; although she is still used as a tug, worked by negroes.

Our carriages, with the usual West Indian unpunctuality, were not ready when we landed, and did not appear for some time; so that we had ample opportunities for observing the beauties (or otherwise) of Port Henderson. They did not captivate our fancy very much, for the town appeared to be in a somewhat decayed or decaying state. When the hired vehicles at last arrived, they struck us as being remarkably like the town in the way of dilapidation. Indeed, it seemed a wonder that they could hold together at all, so worn-out did they look, so numerous were the fractures of the shafts and splinter bars, and so innumerable the straps and buckles and ropes and knots by which they were held together.

We proceeded first along the heaviest of deep sandy roads, and through a dreary mangrove-swamp. At an unusually heavy piece of the road our horse—which was quite in keeping with the carriage; all skin and bone—made a greater exertion than usual of the very little strength it possessed, with the result that the splinter-bar and one shaft once more broke. At last the patching-up was completed, and we proceeded on our way; emerging from the mangrove swamp, and reaching a beautiful park-like ground, with hedges one mass of what here are wild flowers, but with us would be the choicest stove-plants, of which we should cherish every blossom. At last, after a drive of eight miles, we arrived at Spanish Town, where we met

with a most hospitable reception from Mr. Campbell, who is making a railway here right through the Bog Walk and across the island; an undertaking which is, I believe, accompanied by extraordinary difficulty.

At last, after much delay, the whole of our party having arrived and breakfasted, horses and carriages were brought out to take us on our way. The cathedral in Spanish Town is large, handsome, and well built, and is furnished with mahogany pews. It contains some very interesting monuments to members of well-known English families. The streets of Spanish Town, though presenting a somewhat deserted appearance, are not so squalid and miserable-looking as those of Kingston, and the town also contains some fine edifices. It was once the seat of the Government of Jamaica, to which fact the Parliament Houses and various other buildings still bear witness.

Cathedral—Spanish Town.

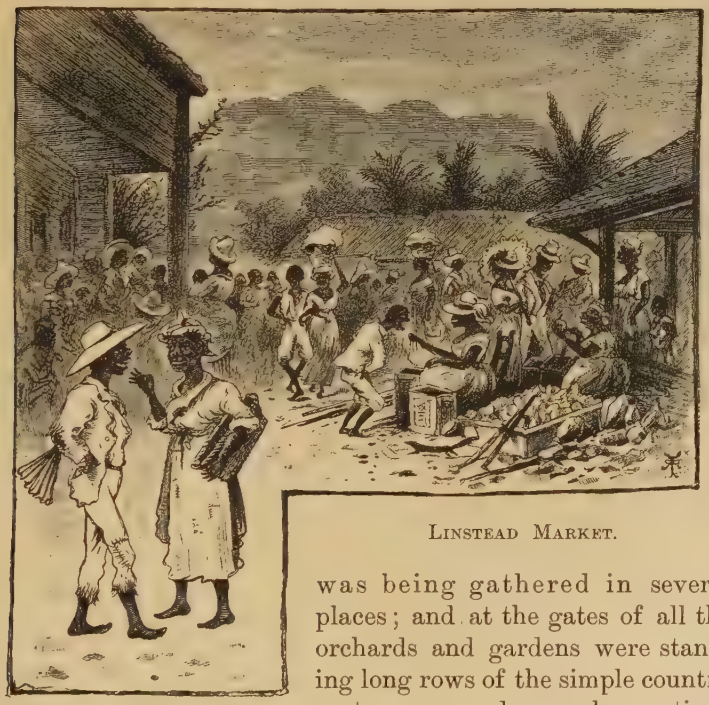
A drive of about five miles brought us at last to the celebrated Bog Walk, to the beauty of which no words can do justice, nor can any description be adequate. Imagine everything that makes scenery lovely:—wood, rock, water, and the wildest luxuriance of tropical foliage, mingled and arranged by the artistic hand of Nature, in one of her happiest moods; and then picture all this surrounded by lofty and abrupt precipices, with a background of the most brilliant blue, illuminated by the brightest of suns (the heat of which on the present occasion was tempered by a gentle breeze which rippled the surface of the river). You will then have some faint idea of the scene which met our eyes. The Bog Walk is a gorge, through

which the Rio Cobre flows towards the sea. The road was all too short; not being more than three or four miles in length. After a drive through a fertile valley, abounding in fruit of almost every species that can be imagined, growing in the richest profusion, we arrived at the village of Linstead, where we found that a market was being held, and that a large number of people—among whom the black element strongly predomi-

The Bog Walk, Jamaica.

nated—were all selling, or trying to sell, their little heaps of produce, with an amount of vociferation and gesticulation that could only have been observed among a crowd of negroes. We made large purchases of oranges at twopence a dozen, pine-apples at twopence a-piece, and delicious mangoes at fourpence a dozen—prices which, though they could scarcely be called exorbitant, were doubtless two or three times as much as we ought really to have paid.

Oh, the heat of that drive from Linstead, just in the very middle of the day! The road was good, and the views delightful; but the rays of the sun, unrelieved by the slightest breath of air, were almost insupportable. The poor horses were much distressed, and began to lag a little. The road seemed to be forever lengthening, and Moneague, the place for which we were bound, appeared to our despairing minds to be getting further and further off, in spite of the reassuring evidence of the mile-stones that marked our way. The orange-harvest



LINSTEAD MARKET.

was being gathered in several places; and at the gates of all the orchards and gardens were standing long rows of the simple country carts; some drawn by patient, large-eyed oxen, others by less picturesque but more sturdy-looking mules. In many of the carts the golden fruit was already piled high, looking as if it were fresh culled from the garden of the Hesperides; while the rest of the vehicles were being rapidly filled by stalwart negroes, assisted by turbaned women and children. The fruit is taken to the nearest town or village, where it is carefully sorted, and where each greenish golden globe is enveloped in a maize-leaf and laid side by side with others in boxes for exportation. As we slowly climbed the long four-mile hill from Linstead to the pass of Mount

Diablo, we met large numbers of these orange-carts coming creaking along the road, portions of their luscious loads escaping on either side and rolling into the gutters. How juicy they were! There is nothing so delightful as a really good West Indian or South American orange. Maltese oranges cannot be compared to them; and I think some of those we tasted to-day were the best that have ever come within the range of an experience which extends to not a few of the "Golden Groves" of the world.

At the summit of the Mount Diablo pass, 1,800 feet high, where the road crosses the Blue Mountain range, was a little rest-house, or drink-shop, at which we stopped to allow the horses and drivers to refresh themselves. The view from this point, or rather from a spot a few yards distant from the road, near the church, is superb, and is well worth a very long journey, even on the hottest of hot days. It was hard to tear oneself away from a scene of so much beauty, but the sun was long past the meridian, and there was no time to be lost if we wished to reach Ocho Rios before dark. We were soon spinning merrily down the hill at a rate of some ten or twelve miles an hour.

Moneague is charmingly situated at the entrance to the Vale of St. Thomas. Here, with some difficulty, we discovered an inn. Probably the inmates were all enjoying a siesta; but at last we routed up one or two sleepy negroes, got the horses unharnessed, fed them, and proceeded to look after ourselves. It was fortunate that we had brought our provisions with us, for no food of any kind was procurable. By the time we started from Moneague again it had become quite cool and pleasant; and our drive across the rich park-like vale of St. Thomas was most delightful.

It now became rapidly dark; and once or twice, when we came to cross-roads or to a specially well-marked turning to a plantation, we had serious misgivings as to whether we were in the right way or not. The moon rose bright and clear in the blue sky; the land-breeze was cool and fresh; the horses had plucked up their courage wonderfully, and dashed along with our light carriage up hill and down dale. The bumps and shaking which we received were tremendous. It was a delightful drive through the cool, moonlit, fragrant air; and our gallant little well-bred steeds galloped along as if they had only done ten miles instead of nearly fifty.

At last we reached the culminating point of our expectations, the Gully Road, which, in the way of beauty, far more than realized all that we had imagined. My heart fails me when I begin even to think of trying to describe that wonderful gorge, as seen on the most brilliant of moonlight nights —brilliant even for the tropics. Here Nature shows herself in her wildest and most romantic moods. The highest flights of fancy of the brush of poor Gustave Doré, or of the pen of Jules Verne, could but inadequately depict the fantastic beauty of the scene which on every side met our astonished and delighted gaze.

THE GULLY ROAD.

More dark
And dark the shades accumulate,
Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbow and in fire ; the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The grey trunks. . . .
The woven leaves
Make network of the dark-blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds.

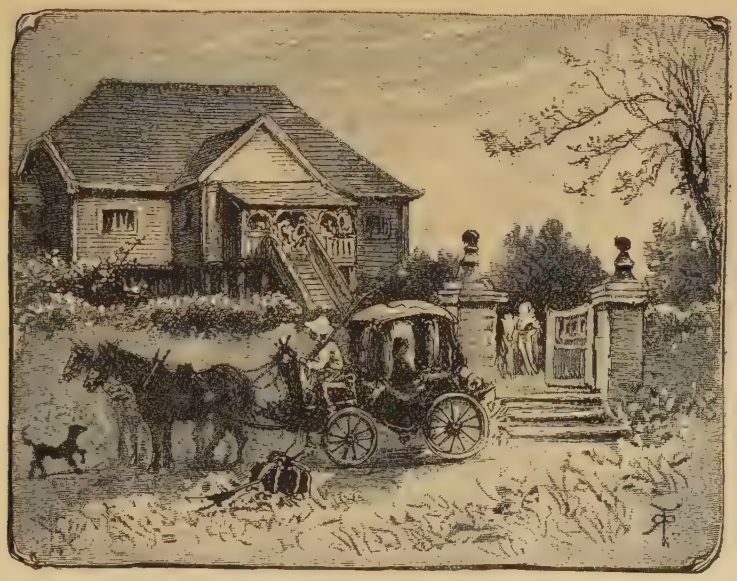
Once past this gem of picturesque beauty, it was not long before we came to the first of the eight streams which give to Ocho Rios its Spanish name. Cottages and bungalows became more frequent ; and at last we entered the small town or village itself. Our train of carriages at once attracted attention ; and we were surrounded by quite a large crowd for so small a place. We anxiously inquired for some news of the yacht ; but nothing was to be heard of her. This was something disheartening, especially when the pleasing intelligence was added that a look-out had been kept for her all the afternoon on board the

Dido, and that, as she had not passed a certain point before sunset, she could not possibly arrive much before midnight. I was so weary—as were also, I believe, nearly all the rest of the party—that I would have given worlds to go on board the *Dido* and be allowed to lie down on deck, or anywhere, until the *Sunbeam* appeared upon the scene. But that could not be: we had committed ourselves to a previous engagement, and must perforce fulfil it; for there was no inn—not even a "lodging-house"—in the village. We turned the heads of our reluctant, and by this time nearly exhausted horses, and proceeded along the coast-road to Captain Cartwright's "pen" at Belmont.

Ocho Pass.

The road ran along the extreme edge of the sea, having, in fact, with much labour and difficulty, been cut out of the face of the solid rock itself, so that its foundations rest on the coral reefs and are gently laved by each wave as it rises and falls. We proceeded for three or four miles along this charming road without seeing turning or gate or anything that looked like the entrance to a park. Major Woodgate now began to feel a little anxious; for it was nearly eight o'clock, and we ought to have arrived at Belmont at half-past six, the usual dinner hour in Jamaica, when darkness comes on early, and where everybody rises at dawn to enjoy and profit by the only cool hours of the day. At last we reached a waterfall more splendid than any we had hitherto passed. How impossible to convey with

the pen—or even with the brush—the rushing, flashing force, "the rocket-like velocity," of that noble cataract, as it dashed over a steep place into the sea. It was only too evident that we had mistaken our way, and had now arrived at a point four miles beyond our proper destination. At the first cottage where we saw lights we succeeded with great difficulty in rousing some of the inmates, in order to make certain inquiries as to the route. We found that it would be necessary for us to retrace our weary steps some two or three miles; so we trotted back as fast as our poor tired horses could take us. The moon



BELMONT.

had disappeared behind heavy rain-clouds, and we only reached the house just in time to avoid a tropical down-pour. Captain Cartwright and all the family met us with kind greetings; and we were relieved to find that the drivers of the other carriages (which had started behind us) had known the right way, and had arrived safely some considerable time before.

I am afraid that we visitors must have been regarded as rather a dull and sleepy party. It was not only physical but mental fatigue that oppressed us. My brain ached, and I felt quite dazed, and would have given anything to be able to retire at once, and to have the prospect of a few quiet hours of rest.

Wednesday, November 14th.—Between two and four o'clock a heavy deluge of rain descended, accompanied by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. At six o'clock we arose, and having left a note for our host and hostess (who were not yet visible), we started for Ocho Rios. We reached it and the end of our pleasant drive all too soon, having caught sight of and hailed the yacht as we went by an opening between some cocoanut trees.

On reaching the *Sunbeam* we found that Tom was just on the point of going off to breakfast on board the *Dido*. After the luxury of a bath and some breakfast, we also went on board the *Dido*, which is a fine ship of the corvette class, of 1,760 tons, carrying twelve guns. She has been on this station between three and four years and has recently returned from Halifax. The visit to those more northern latitudes has wonderfully improved the health of the officers and crew, though many of them still looked rather "washed out," and as if they were suffering a good deal from the heat of the Jamaica climate. This is not to be wondered at, considering that the temperature of the officers' cabins varies from 86° to 90°, and that of the forecastle, when at sea and when the ports cannot be left open, from 90° to 96°. We went all over the vessel, and found her, of course, in perfect order. Some of the cabins were very tastefully decorated, though all of them were overrun with cockroaches, many of which the officers said were nearly as big as mice—the result of the ship's prolonged stay in hot climates.

In order that we might see by daylight the fine northern coast of the island, along which we were to steam, we reluctantly and regretfully gave up the idea of paying a second visit to the Gully Road, and decided not to go on shore again. Having, therefore, said good-bye to Major Woodgate, who has been so *very* kind to us, we weighed anchor at 11.30 a.m. and resumed our voyage. It was necessary at first to go a considerable distance out of our course, in order to clear the coral-reef; having succeeded in which intent, we proceeded to the eastward along the coast, the beauties of which we should perhaps have appreciated even more fully, had we not encountered a strong head-wind and sea, which caused us to pitch most unpleasantly. After passing Rio Grande we slowed our engines off Port Antonio and entered one of the prettiest small harbours in the world, especially as we saw it by the light of a now rapidly setting sun. In the background tier upon tier of the

ever-grand ranges of the lovely Blue Mountains rise high in the air. The bay is quite landlocked, and is regarded by many as the future port of Jamaica. A fruit-trade which is increasing rapidly and promises to develop enormously, has just been started with America. Fast steamers reach New York in five or six days, and the more southern ports of the United States sooner; so that the luscious fruits of the West Indies can be eaten in the less sultry North before the imprisoned sunbeams have had quite time to escape.

On our way into the harbour we noticed the funnel and masts of a large steamer just showing above water; and, on

Point Antonio and Harbour.

inquiry, we found that, while in quarantine about two months ago, she was run down by another ship and sunk at once. Rather a hard fate for the steamer; but a very effectual way of purifying her; for I should think she would be quite free from all infection by the time she is raised again, an operation which is about to be performed. At present the wreck somewhat blocks the harbour. We landed and inquired for the post-office, where we expected to find letters. But we were greeted with the reply, "Yah, yah, Massa! everything shut here five o'clock; no stores open after." Fortunately a corporal of constabulary came to the rescue and kindly routed out the postmaster, who handed us a telegram that had just arrived, and took charge of our letters for England. Afterwards we

walked through the village to a large and substantial church, perched on a grassy knoll in the outskirts. We had some difficulty in obtaining admission, the sun having now set and the moon risen; but at last two little girls arrived with the keys and with two candles, by the light of which we proceeded to inspect the interior of the building. The first thing that met our eye on entering was a memorial tablet to the architect, Mr. Amesley Voysey, who, coming out in 1837, had barely completed his labours in 1839 when he was carried off by yellow fever. The inscription on a tablet to the memory of the wife of a planter was so interesting that I took a copy of it. It ran as follows:

> Sacred to the Memory of Mary.
>
> She was a member for forty years, and many years a leader in Wesleyan Methodist Society. Devoted to her religious duties; urbane and humble to the poor and all mankind; affectionate and indulgent to her husband, sisters and relations.

It was growing late, so we strolled back to the landing-place. Directly we were on board the anchor was weighed, and we steamed slowly out of this tranquil bay, past the little light-house, and, with our gilt Arabian hore-shoe on the extremity of the bowsprit pointing N.E., towards San Domingo, we were, it might almost be said, Homeward Bound!

Thursday, November 15th.—At dawn we could see the high mountains of Hayti, which it is just now altogether preferable to look upon from a distance; for the inhabitants of that island have been fighting among themselves, firing on English vessels, and generally misbehaving themselves, as they have done at frequently recurring periods, any time these eighty years past. Among other modes of amusing themselves, the rebels seem to have been creating a great many Princes and Princesses, Dukes, and Duchesses, and other peers and peeresses; and as the members of the newly created aristocracy are rather impecunious and have no work to do, we had at one time serious thoughts of getting a couple of the Princes or Marquises to pull our punkah for us.

Hayti, the western portion of San Domingo—the "cradle of the New World," which is, next to Cuba, the second largest and one of the most fertile of the Greater Antilles—seems to be disliked by all who visit it. How can you be comfortable in a country where there is a town having so unpleasantly sugges-

tive a name as "Bombardopolis," to say nothing of a river called "Massacre"? The Eastern portion, or the Dominican Republic, comprises more than three-fifths of the whole island, and contains the capital, Santo Domingo City. The western part of the island still retains its old Caribbean name of Hayti. Though we were not very far off Jacmel, the large port where the mail steamers stop, we did not succeed in clearly making out Alto Vella, a very high and conspicuous island peak, about sixteen miles from Beata Point, the southernmost point of the island. It is of curious shape, like a ship under full sail, and is, I believe, very white in colour. We coasted under the high land

Los Altares.

of Cuba all day, tacking across to Los Altares in the afternoon. These are most curious flat-topped rocks, closely resembling altars, which would form a remarkable landmark anywhere, but which are specially prominent among the high-pointed, uncultivated mountains of the island. How I wished we had had time to cruise round the western instead of the eastern end of the island, so as just to have peeped into Havana!

The night was even more than usually superb; and as we were wafted gently along by the land-breeze, bearing spicy odours from the shore, nothing could have been more delicious than the easy dreamy motion through the soft evening air. With all her light canvas set and every stitch drawing, no vessel afloat could have looked more lovely than did the yacht this night.

Friday, November 16th.—At 3.30 a.m. we were informed by Kindred, the mate, that the land-breeze, on which we had relied so much, had quite died away, and that, it being now absolutely calm, he feared we might drift ashore. Orders were at once given for steam to be got up, and, while this was being done, I stayed on deck for more than an hour, fascinated by the strange beauty of the scene. Though we were becalmed, the current that was drifting us along towards the shore just kept the sails from flapping; and such lights and shadows as were created by the radiance of moon and stars as it fell upon them were marvellously striking in their contrasts. The white canvas really looked as if it were a tissue of silver or of gold, attached

THE "SUNBEAM" BY MOONLIGHT.

to masts of ebony or ivory, according to the side from which they were viewed; and the decks presented a similar appearance. This description may appear exaggerated; but its truth will, I am sure, be confirmed by any one who has ever been fortunate enough to pass such a night as this in the tropics on the deck of a sailing-vessel of any kind, and every stitch of canvas set to catch the faintest air. And when that ship, like ours, is exquisitely modelled, the hull of snowy white slightly relieved with gold, her taper spars tall enough to give full effect to the graceful curves of her swelling canvas, she is, indeed, a vision of beauty, as she seems to float gently on the surface, rather than to cleave her way through the water.

About half-past three in the afternoon we made the Yunque

(or Anvil) de Baracoa, in Cuba, another curious flat-topped rock, or rather mountain, 1,824 feet high, which closely resembles the much higher peak in Juan Fernandez, in the South Pacific, and is a peculiar object and valuable landmark from a long distance. We stretched along the north-east shore of the island under sail all the afternoon—and a most delightful sail it was, made all the more enjoyable by perfectly smooth water and a pleasant breeze, scented with the spicy odours of the shore.

Saturday, November 17th.—We were favoured with a splendid breeze all day. On deck the air was deliciously cool; but below it was still intensely hot. In the afternoon we entered the old Bahama Channel. After a further run of four hours, during which Tom and I suffered considerable anxiety owing to the intricacy of the navigation, we reached the light at Paredon Grande, on the north side of Cuba. Our troubles—which, as a matter of fact, nobody else on board had known anything about, all being fast asleep below—were now more or less over; for a comparatively open sea lay before us; though there were still quite enough coral-reefs and rocks about to necessitate a continuous, keen, and careful lookout, beside constant checking of courses, and the adoption of every possible precaution to ensure the safety of the vessel.

LOOK TO GOD.

BY C. B. H.

Is thy lone heart heavy,
'Neath its weight of woe?
Does thy soul grow weary
Of this new life below?
Art thou sadly sighing
O'er thy earthly lot?
Look to God for guidance;
He forsaketh not.

Does the black-browed tempest,
At the midnight dark,
With a stroke of fury
Smite thy frail life-barque?
Look to conquering Jesus,
Who, on Galilee,
Spake—and peace and safety
Reigned upon the sea.

Whatsoe'er thy trouble,
Whatsoe'er thy woe;
On life's field of warfare
Where'er thou dost go.
Marching, working, waiting,
On thy pilgrim road,
With faith's full assurance,
Look unto thy God!

THE VALLEY AND CITY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

STREET IN SALT LAKE CITY.

ON the afternoon of a bright spring day, some years ago, four travellers were making their way into the chief city of the Latter-day Saints—the Mormon New Jerusalem. The party consisted of the late Rev. Dr. Punshon, the distinguished divine, whose splendid gifts and wide-spread popularity gave us ready access to every social circle, and to every source of information; J. Herbert Mason, Esq., the able manager of one of the principal monetary institutions of Toronto; Rev. Manly Benson, the well-known and indefatigable pastor of Central Methodist Church, Bloor Street; and the writer of this sketch. The day had been one of rare delight. We had been two days ascending the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and had now made an abrupt and quick descent into this valley of the mountains. From snow-capped peaks we had entered a deep and rocky

ravine, thirty miles in length, and only a few yards in width, with a mountain wall on one side and precipitous overhanging cliffs on the other. Through the courtesy of the conductor we had ridden on the locomotive, or in the box-car, all the way down this Echo Canyon, and enjoyed to the full the scenery of the sublimest of mountain passes. From Echo we had entered Weber Canyon, another glorious pass, hewn by Nature through the living rocks. On we had rolled past the Devil's Gate, where the Weber River goes leaping and dashing and foaming against high masses of rock, as though, buffeted

Salt Lake Valley.

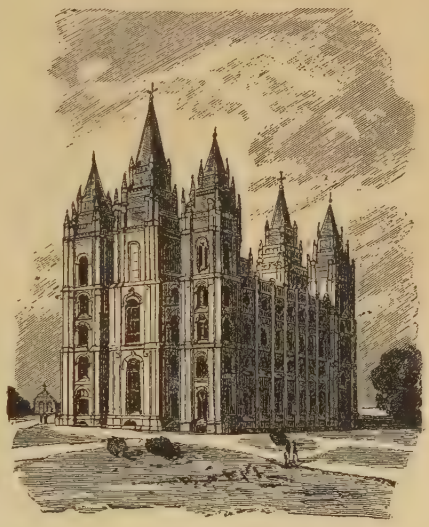
from mountain to mountain so long, it would rise up in its angry strength and cleave the huge barrier from base to summit to cut for itself a channel to the sea. Still on we swept through tunnels, over bridges, between overhanging cliffs, waking the thundering echoes as we sped along; into rocky cuts and out of them, until we were beginning to wonder if ever we should have a safe escape from this wild and weird descent, when lo! as by a sort of sudden surprise, the canyon widened into a lovely valley, and our eyes were gazing with bewildered delight upon one of the purest and most perfect

landscapes which this whole earth can show. We had entered Salt Lake Valley.

The Utah Railway, owned by the Mormons, conducted us from Ogden, the terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, to Salt Lake City. The ride through that valley, completely shut in by natural barriers, was indeed charming. Everywhere were seen the changes which these working saints had wrought, for as by miracle they have taken this uninhabited waste and transformed it from savage barrenness into a garden—a wonder of the earth, the home of a thriving people. All that this valley of alkali and dwarf sage-brush needed was water to make it bud and blossom; and as we rode along we could see channels cut from the snow-peaks down into the farms, and catch the gleam of rills glancing down the hill-sides, and meandering through fields and vineyards. Flocks of sheep dotted the terraced slopes and dwelling-houses stood on every side. I was seated beside a Mormon Elder who had one of his homes in Ogden, and was going down to Salt Lake to spend a little time with two of his wives living there. His youngest wife was the teacher of Brigham Young's school of children. We engaged in conversation. I found him very communicative and interesting. He had come into this valley with the Mormon exodus from Council Bluffs, in 1845, and he told me the story of their sufferings and privations as the weary caravan dragged its way over the mountains to the borders of this great inland sea. He told me how sterile was the land and how dreary and forbidding the prospect. But the land was consecrated to the Lord, the holy city was marked out, and brawny arms and strong muscles had turned the verdureless and desolate place into a land flowing with milk and honey. It was night when we reached the city, and having got comfortably established in the Townsend House, "mine host" being a polygamous Mormon, we were so weary that we sought rest at once. Next morning we were up bright and early. The day was bright and beautiful and the city was quiet in its Sabbath rest.

I shall never forget our first saunter through that embowered city. The air was soft and sweet, southern in its odour, northern in its freshness. The clear, pellucid waters of the mountain-brooks sparkled and rippled in the sunshine as they murmured along on each side of the broad avenues, shaded with acacias. The grand snow-crested mountains, brought near,

so near, by the wondrous purity of the atmosphere, displayed every cleft and undulation in their bosoms, while their peaks and sides were draped with floating clouds as soft and white as the snow that wreathed them. Lower down in the valley a golden haze was steeping everything in its own delicious light. We started at once for the Mormon holy place—Temple Block, as it is called—in which are situated the old tabernacle, the great new one, with its rounded roof, looking like a huge oval dish-cover, and the foundations of the temple then in process of erection.

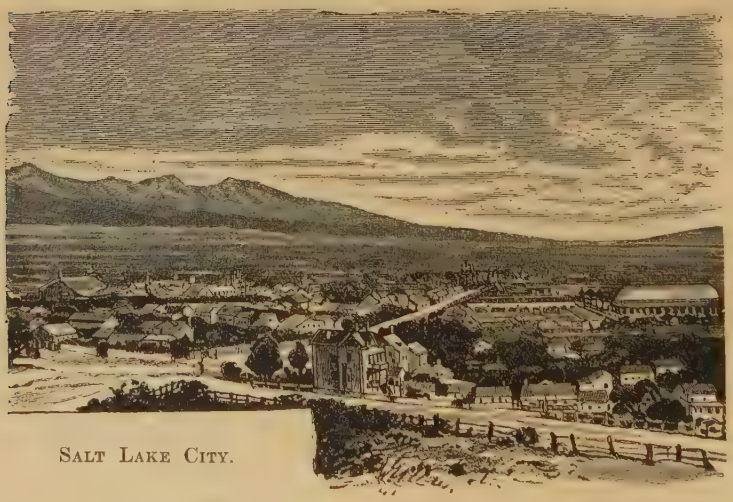


THE TEMPLE.

This Temple, now completed, is as dear and sacred to the Mormons as the Temple of the Lord to the ancient Jew, or St. Peter's to the Papist, or the Biseswara, the Pagoda of the Sacred Bull, with its roof of burnished gold to the Hindoo. It is not designed for public worship, but is devoted to the rites and ceremonies of the Church. The basement floor is used for baptismal purposes. The second story contains the Endowment Room for marriages, sealing, etc.; the third for anointing and other ceremonies of this new priesthood. The New Tabernacle, which appears in the general view of the city, like a great meat platter for the Titans, with its oval cover, is two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and fifty wide, and will seat an audience of ten thousand. At the west end stand the great organ and choir, and in front of these are circular rows of seats for the Church dignitaries, and the stands from which they address the audience. Elder Woodruff, in his sermon that Sabbath morning, told us that they were the only true Church now on earth, for with the death of the apostles the power of the priesthood, the gifts of prophecy and revelation, were taken away, and only restored in this glorious dispensation of Joe Smith. He told us all about the Book of Mormon, and that it

was an additional revelation of equal authority with the Bible. In the afternoon the Sacrament was administered, the elements being bread and water. They were offered to every member of the congregation who received them, while the preacher, Orson Pratt, the orator and champion polygamist, was delivering his discourse.

Some of the houses of this unique capital are of goodly size and style; but they are for the most part cottages, built of *adobe* (sun-dried bricks), and stand back some thirty feet from the road-side, in trim little gardens, bowered with trees, and smothered with roses and creepers; and the whole city,



Salt Lake City.

which covers a space of three thousand acres, appears from a distant view like a vast park with sylvan bowers, gardens, fruit-trees and running streams of water from the mountain-sides.

The famous view shown in our last engraving is from Camp Douglas, which is situated on one of the benches that rise as clearly cut as the steps of a temple. The famed prospects of Europe cannot excel it, and it resembles the view of Lombardy Plains and the distant Alps from the pinnacles of the Cathedral at Milan. Around you are mountain ranges blazing in the brilliancy of a thousand variegated tints; before you a valley of sensuous beauty, sending back from its bosom the rays of sunshine in colours, shapes and shadows that paint and pencil never realized; the city of these Latter-day Saints sleeping

in the vast cradle of the brightly-tinted valley; southward the lake itself, with its amplitudes of blue, whose bosom, placid and motionless, glowed like a sheet of burnished gold; while farther beyond, the rose-pink hue of mountains on a sea-coloured sky loomed up like sleeping giants from the mystic

Salt Lake.

background. The air is wonderfully pure. The sky overhead has an infinite depth and distance; and the vapoury gold of the atmosphere, as it floats over the lake and valley in a languid dream, contrasts beautifully with the intense blue of the cloudless azure and the rosy surfaces of the encircling hills.

This new religion is a sort of Judaism galvanized into the

mockery of life and adapted to this century. Its physical circumstances are a copy of the Jewish; and these American saints have founded their Jerusalem in a holy land wonderfully like the ancient Judea. "Look," said Col. Morrow, the genial officer of the United States forces, as we stood on the commanding elevation at the Camp, "look at the resemblance. There is the Dead Sea, for it has no outlet and no life. Over yonder is Lake Utah, which ought to be called the Lake of Tiberias, a body of fresh water emptying into it by a river called Jordan. And there beyond stands Nebo."

It is wonderful, the numbers that have come from Europe to this New Canaan. As we were being shown through the Temple and sacred places in Temple Block, the custodian said to me, "Isn't that Morley Punshon?" I answered "Yes, how do you know him?" "Oh," he answered, "I have often heard him preach in England." I asked whether he had come as a convert and pilgrim to this land. He assured me that he had. I inquired how he had made the journey over the mountains. And his laconic reply was, "Walloping bulls"—meaning that he had driven over an ox-team.

In these few paragraphs I have thus given you an outward picture that is beautiful exceedingly; the appearance is that of a peaceful and orderly community, but we left it with a deeper disgust of this system of fanaticism and sensuality. The Mormon would have the stranger believe that there is no city in the world like his—so virtuous, so pure, so happy—but if common report be true, it is one of the saddest communities in all the world. There is not pure water enough flowing down its streets to cleanse the abominations; nor pure salt enough, gathered up as it is in waggon-loads from the shores of its beautiful lake, to preserve it from decay.

Mormonism is a huge reality, a formidable power. It occupies a territory larger than that of Spain, and has developed into a vast and growing Church. The United States Government is evidently determined to arrest the illegalities and immoralities of Utah. It is now fairly engaged in the problem of putting down polygamy. With the Mormon faith the Government, tolerant of all religions, has nothing to do; but polygamy is a crime against the common law of all civilization. The polygamous practices of Utah may be arrested, but even this will not destroy this heaven-daring villainy. This spiritual despotism, this pseudo-theocracy, this American Thugism, may long remain to desecrate the soil of Deseret.

'IT WON'T SINK.'

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

'It Won't Sink.'

Some years ago, when I was living on the east coast of England, I often used to go to sea for a night's trawling.

My companion on such occasions was a brave fisherman, himself at once the captain and crew of his craft. Though still a young man when he decided to be a soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus, yet his early life had been a somewhat wild one; and his career on board a ship that had regularly been engaged in smuggling, had given him many adventures of peril and daring. As for our craft, she was not much to look at: used chiefly for dredging the stones from which the 'Roman' cement is prepared, she carried the marks of her hard service; but she had one quality that covered many defects, she could stand any amount of sea, as my friend had often proved—and I, too, sometimes, in the fierce easterly gales that broke upon that coast.

With a stove for cooking, and a snug cabin for sleeping in, the roughness of it all rather added to the enjoyment. But it was the company of my fisherman friend that was the special charm of these nights at sea. Simple and God-fearing, a quiet happiness seemed always singing in his soul that often broke out into some glad song of praise together as we drifted in the still evening, or flew before a stiff breeze. A man, too, who thought much, and had little opportunity for talking, so that I got from him many an opinion about things in general that it was good to hear.

It was as we sat together at daybreak, on a lovely morning in June, that he told me this story. We were drifting quietly along with the trawl overboard; not a sound was there to break the perfect stillness, except only the lapping of the water against the boat. Here and there shone the white sails of some ship, or floated the long line of smoke from some steamer. Behind us slept the country, with wooded hills and sloping cornfields, and a house whose windows dazzled in the rays of the rising sun. All above us and about us stretched the wondrous beauty of the sky—the deep blue coming down to the green hills and the red cliffs; overhead there were the rosy hues, long lines of fleecy clouds growing more and more golden as they neared the water's edge, with straight lines of white light shooting up between them in singular regularity. Right in front of us went a broad sheet of pure gold that led away to the sun as it was coming up out of the sea. A flock of gulls completed the beauty and peacefulness of the scene—the 'birds of calm sat brooding on the charmed wave.' Hushed, and almost awed by the loveliness and sacredness of it all, it seemed to us like a glimpse of some better world, untouched by earth's defilement, undisturbed by earth's ado—a world that belonged to God rather than to man. The deep feelings that were stirred within us seemed to find their natural outlet as we joined together in singing the morning hymn—

'Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

. . . . . .

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.'

Our singing had ceased, and all was still again. Presently my friend began—'Ah, sir, this is very different from what it used to be in the old time. We never used to think much about the beauty of the sea or the sky when day broke—nor about God either. We would get out the telescope, and sweep the sea all round to find if the Government cutter was in sight, and only wish that the darkness had lasted an hour or two longer, that we might have got our cargo ashore.

'I can remember once'—and he laughed as he spoke—'though there—it was no laughing matter then, at any rate for us. There was one morning when we caught sight of her—far off, almost, as you could see, but for all that we knew her rig in a minute, and terribly put about we were too—for we had a full cargo aboard. At first we hoped that she wasn't after us—or tried to, anyhow. But very soon all hope was gone. She was bearing down upon us, sir, as straight as a line.

'Of course we knew that we could never get away from her, do what we might. We looked at each other, for every man knew well enough that if we were caught it meant prison for us—and it meant the loss of the cargo, and ship too—sawn in two, right across: that was her punishment, sir, in those times. We were still enough for a minute or so, all of us waiting for the captain to speak, and there all the time that speck of a sail coming straight for us. It was plain enough what she was bound for, and gaining upon us, too.

'Presently he spoke out, "Well, lads, there's no help for it that I can see, but this—*let them come and find a clear hold and an empty ship.* They may make of it what they can then. A man can't swing for that, anyhow."

'Well, sir, at it we went. We put a sail over the side of the ship for a blind, and then to work. It was tobacco, done up in canvas bags, made handy for the sake of easy carrying. Half of us went down in the hold, and flung up the bags as fast as ever we could; and the rest were slipping them over the side of the ship, under the sail and into the sea. Eh, how we worked! "Heave away, lads," the captain kept saying; "as well not do it all as leave a bag behind—a single one will show them the game we've been up to."

'Bit by bit we were stripped to the waist, and steaming with the heat of it from captain to cabin-boy. Pity enough it seemed, to be flinging the stuff over like that; but it was too late to think about that now. "At it, my hearties," says the

captain. "It will be something to laugh at to see the officer come aboard, and set his chaps to search the ship, and find an empty hold. Heave away, my lads."

'We laughed at the captain's joke, and worked all the fiercer for his bit of fun. Of course the hold soon began to show the difference in the cargo, working as we were. But we were beginning to get a bit fagged and spent.

'"Fling away, lads," the captain kept saying, himself doing the work of two men. "They will spoil our laughing if they find anything left."

'And then again it was still, except for the splashing of the bags in the sea.

'We were beginning to think that we should do it.

'"A quarter of an hour more, and 'tis clear," cried the captain, joyfully; and every man felt that he could breathe again. We were going at it for our lives, and never an eye or an ear for anything else. Presently the captain sees that the boy was getting a bit done up, and he tells him to run out and look how the cutter was coming along. He was gone for a second, and then he come back, and you wouldn't have known him. We all stopped to look at him—we couldn't help it. His face was as white as death; and there he stood, with his eyes staring as if they would drop out of his head. His mouth was wide open, but he couldn't say a word, and his hands were stretched out before him. The captain began swearing at him, and asked him what he meant. But the lad, he couldn't utter a sound. It was more like a boy out of his senses than anything else. Then the captain jumps up and grips his arms and shakes him. The poor little fellow managed to gasp out—"*It won't sink!*" and he fell down in a faint.

'*It won't sink!* We guessed in a moment what he meant. We hurried away to the stern of the ship, but nobody expected to see anything like the sight that was waiting for us there—a sight, sir, to fetch a man's heart out of him. It was a beautiful morning, like this. And there, right away in the glistening track of the sun was the cargo. You could see the line of the canvas bags, rising with the bit of swell, and shining in the light, one after the other reaching away to the cutter herself; there they were, every one of them proclaiming our guilt to all the heaven above us, and to every ship that was up and down the coast. Our hands just went down, sir, and there we sat, every one of us still as death, with his eyes set on that dreadful

line of evidence against us, and every man with those words ringing in his soul—"IT WON'T SINK!"'

. . . . . .

My friend was silent for a minute or two, and I thought the story was finished, at any rate so far as he cared to tell it. I had turned to enjoy the delicious stillness and the exquisite beauty of the scene, when he began again, but in another tone—

'Well, sir, it did not end there. I little thought at the time what would come out of that empty hold; and least of all that it could be any good. Of course I often used to think a bit seriously about things, and meant to mend; but somehow it never came to anything. Still, my dear old mother kept praying on for me, and in spite of everything she would always hold to it that I should come right some day. "Prayer is not much good if it isn't stronger than the devil and sin," she would say, even when father and the rest of them had given me up. It was somewhere about two or three years after the adventure with the cutter, that one night—the last night of the year, it was—I had gone down the river in my boat, thinking I might get some wild fowl, for there were a good many in the river. It was a dull, misty night when I started. I got down some distance, and then pushed away in under the bank, waiting for the moon to get up. It was all as still and quiet as could be, with never a sound but now and then the cry of a curlew, or the wings of the wild ducks overhead. The moon was getting up behind the hill, and the trees were standing all black against the light, and the silver shining between their trunks and branches. From ever so far off there came the sound of a peal of bells, ringing the old year out.

'"The last night of the year," I said to myself. Of course I couldn't help feeling a bit sad at the words, though I can hardly tell why. But as I sat there in the stillness, it began to come to my mind how I used to kneel down at my mother's side while she taught me to pray. I could hear her voice quite plain telling me of one good man and another, and of what they had done to make the world better. And I felt her hand laid upon my head again, and could see her sitting by the fire with her eyes closed and her lips moving, and I knew she was praying God to bless me.

'I sighed as I thought of it all, and said half aloud, "If I died to-night, there isn't a soul in the world that would thank

God that I ever lived." I began to feel as if out of joint with everything. The more I thought of it the plainer I saw that my whole life was a failure. God had made me for Himself, and here I am living as if there was no God, and no eternity. There would be a terrible account to settle some day. And here, another year was almost gone!

'I did not think myself any very great sinner—not then—for I never got drunk, nor went into bad ways like other fellows did. As for smuggling, it never occurred to me that there was any harm in that, except for the company it brought me into. It was the emptiness and uselessness of my life that kept troubling me. The moon was rising higher, and the light fell on the flat stretch of shore opposite to me; gleaming in the pools here and there, and in the little curves and hollows that the tide had left. And somehow it came to be a picture of my life—it lay ugly and useless like the mud, no good, you couldn't grow anything in it, couldn't even walk on it or build on it; there was no foundation for anything. "A life like that mudbank," I said to myself, with a shudder. My sad thoughts went slowly sinking down within me, until now the moon rode clear and full in the sky, lighting up all the woods opposite to me, and seeming to make it stiller than ever. Then out upon the silence came the pealing of the bells. Should the new year be no better than the rest?—only another stretch of mud, foul and ugly and useless?

'I bowed my head on the side of the boat, and prayed God to help me. By His grace, from that night I would be another man. I would just give up anything, everything I could think of that hindered my being a good man. Though I did not get drunk, I made up my mind to have done with the drink; never would I cross the threshold of the public-house again.'

My friend laughed as he came to this part of his story. 'I signed the pledge, sir, but it was in a new fashion, too—perhaps never a temperance pledge was signed that way before. I was sitting there in the mist and shadow of that side of the river, and there came a flock of ducks right down within easy shot. I was thinking about the pledge, and never saw them till they were right on to me. Then I put my gun to the shoulder, and in a minute more I should have had a brace, but that very second it came into my mind that the public-house where I met my mates was called *The Wild Drake.* "You shall go," I cried out, half laughing as I said it—"go for a token that by

God's help I have done with *The Wild Drake* for ever and ever." Well, I knew I should make short work of the old company, and of the old ways, too, as soon as I had done with the drink. Then I thought of one thing and another. I would go with mother on Sundays, and a half-a-dozen things came to my mind that I would have done with. My heart began to beat with a kind of a pride. It was grand to be getting into a good man all so quickly, and so easy, too. Why, if I went on like this I should get into a saint. The cry of the ducks overhead and the whistle of the curlews were nothing to me now. Was there nothing else that I could do, for I was going to make a clean sweep? It was no use playing at it. Half and half would only mean the old ways back again very soon. If I was going to turn over a new leaf, it must be all as smooth and white and clean as it could be. My resolution seemed to grow with every new surrender, and all my heart was lighter and gladder for everything that I gave up. My whole life should be changed, and this new year should have a brighter tale to tell than any that I had ever lived before. Then I thought I would push off the boat and get away home, and tell the dear old mother what I meant to do.

'Ah, sir, I can never forget it. I had pushed off and turned round homeward, and just settled to the oars, feeling as it everything was right—wind and tide and all was fair. There right in front of me, was the glistening water, stretching like a sheet of silver away towards the moon. In an instant it all flashed back upon me as plain as I ever saw anything in my life. I could see the cabin-boy with his pale face and his hands stretched out, and I seemed to hear him cry again—"IT WON'T SINK!" I had been clearing the hold, pitching the cargo into the sea, *but there it was;* right away behind me, like as if it stretched up to the very throne of God, there was every word that I had ever spoken; everything I had ever done, every wish that I had ever felt—there it lay, right out in the light of God. My soul sank down in helplessness and horror. *It won't sink!* were the words that kept ringing over and over again in my ears.

'I just flung myself at the oars with a desperate fierceness. It was no good my trying—not a bit. It did not matter what I did; there seemed nothing else for it but to give right in to everything that was bad. Whatever I did, wherever I went, there was all the past stretching out before God—nothing for-

gotten! nothing buried! It was no use playing the fool like this any longer—clearing the hold when the cargo wouldn't sink. Tears filled my eyes, partly because all my hopes were gone, and partly because I was so helpless to make things any better. I just pulled away fierce and almost mad, wishing with every stroke of the oar that I could get down under the water and end it all.

'Everything seemed to mock me. The great moon shone all so still and bright, as if it were nothing at all that anybody should be tossed and driven away like my soul was. The mud itself, the ugly, useless mud, shone all silvery in the light, as if somehow it was possible for everything to be better except me. So on in that stillness I went, feeling the wretchedest soul that ever lived, just as if I was dragging that dreadful past after me with every stroke of the oars. The ringing of the bells came across the waters again, but there was no music in it for me. What was the good of ringing out the old year and ringing in the new, when year in and year out there was all my life lying out like that before God! I couldn't undo a thing of it, couldn't unsay a word! It seemed a mockery to ring bells in a world like this.

'But as I pulled on the fierceness died out of me, until all that I felt was a great burden of helplessness. My hold of the oars grew slacker, until I stopped pulling altogether, and just drifted with the tide. Tears filled my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. I looked right away up into the heavens—there was only a star or two shining, but somehow it made me feel that God was looking down on me, and surely, I thought, He must pity me. Could I not kneel down and tell Him all about it, and ask Him to help me? And my mother's sayings came to my mind—that prayer is stronger than the devil and sin. I pulled in to a bit of "hard" where I could land, and made my boat fast. Then I went away to a bit of rocky cliff by the riverside, underneath an old tree. I kneeled down and began to pray. I just pleaded guilty to it all. "There it lies, Lord, floating out under Thine eye, all the past," I cried in my distress. I told Him that I did want to start afresh, but that it was no use if I had always to go dragging the past after me like this. I did not like to ask the Lord to sink it all, but I did ask Him what He could do with it. The more I prayed the more sure I felt that He would help me. I had forgotten all about the time, and just kneeled on in prayer. How long I had been

there I can't tell, perhaps for an hour or more. Then all in a moment, I don't know how, but I could sooner doubt my own life than doubt this. It was like a blaze of light on my mind —everything was as clear as day. The Lord Jesus Christ had come on purpose to deliver me from that past. It was gone—all gone. It was all cut off and sunk. I looked, and it was as if I could see across the shining water, and there was not a speck upon it, not one black sin left floating there. My sins were buried in the depths of the sea. I shouted for joy. No poor condemned prisoner ever felt so glad at his escape as I did that night. The past was *sunk*—no eye could see it; none could ever find it again; it was gone, to be remembered against me no more for ever. Turn where I would it was sunshine and calm. There was no condemnation. Once again I looked up, with my eyes filled with tears, but they were tears of joy this time.

'As I pushed off and began to row homeward there came again the pealing of the bells. Ah, there was music in it now, music that my own soul answered to, for all the joy bells of my heart were ringing their very sweetest.

'So that is what came out of that summer morning's adventure. And that is how I began the New Year, thank God, and how I began a new life, too. I have very often thought of it since, and said to myself—"*It is no good clearing the hold if the cargo won't sink.*"'

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

REV. E. A. STAFFORD, B.A., LL.B.

In student days, in meditative mood,
I walked the shore of yonder sun-lit lake;
And oft in inward contemplation stood,
While at my feet the surging waves would break.

How far the eye could sweep away! How vast!
Yet more beyond where sky and waves unite!
Before, on either hand, its limits passed
In lengths unknown, the measure of my sight.

Then oft, with longings strong, the thought would rise,
How wide and limitless must ocean be;

What wonders infinite await these eyes,
If once they may but look upon the sea!

Then came a day at last when youth's fond dream
Had come to pass. I walked the sandy beach,
Or stood on towering crags, which, distant, seem
In aspiration bent the skies to reach.

Before me lay, and washing every shore,
The ocean world, its boundaries unknown;
But than the lake, it seemed to sight no more;—
Infinity exists to faith alone.

Like ocean vast is this aspiring soul!
My earliest books appeared to me how great!
But greater those whose knowledge seemed the whole,
Which open to the infinite the gate.

But school-days passed, and college labours done,
Than when my primer closed, I knew no more;
As lake and ocean seemed to sight as one;
So now I walk in darkness as before.

A plan but half revealed this life appears!
But is there more beyond? An ocean vast?
Or will our hopes be vanquished by our fears?
An endless sleep begin when life is past?

Great thought-waves break against yon distant shore,
A hint of immortality,—a gleam
Into the dark, like one sent on before,
And faith and hope are not an empty dream!

With love and thoughts and feelings that are prayers,
With yearnings that are promises to me,
I grasp infinity. Assurance dares
To claim the future as a shoreless sea.

My patient clock the moments ticks away,
But in eternity each tick shall be
An hour-stroke, and years shall be each day!
How swift our lives to their fruition flee!

O, not like laughing babes with moments fed,
And pleased with clocks that tick, our little space
Of fleeting life shall run, nor hear o'erhead
The stroke of the eternal years apace!

BRESLAU AND ITS UNIVERSITY.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.

At the south-western edge of the great central European plain, where the monotonous levels of pine forest and farm-land break into the waves of the Riesengebirge (Giant Mountains), lies the Prussian province of Silesia, wedged in between Russia and Austria. Its level parts possess a rich soil and are dotted with picturesque but not very comfortable villages, where within the same walls of clay and under the same roof of thatch the farmer with his family and the mild-eyed cows find shelter. Round about the village are broad fields of grain brilliant with flaunting poppies and the bachelor's button—Kaiser William's favourite flower; or else one sees well-tended rows of sugar beets or dazzling yellow fields of rape in bloom. No fences mark the boundaries of fields or farms, a footpath or a ditch or a firmly-planted stone satisfying the philosophic German quite as well as a bristling line of barbed wire. Except around the villages and noblemen's country-seats, trees are not common, though here and there a trimly-kept forest breaks the bare horizon.

As we approach the mountains, which rise to the height of four or five thousand feet, and separate Silesia from Bohemia, the flat monotony is broken by hills, and the straggling villages, with their one winding street bordered with orchards of pear and plum trees, have much more interest from the artistic side.

The inhabitants of the province are, as might be expected, of the most mixed character, and in the cities, especially in Breslau, the capital, we find men of all races from the three empires. The mixture of population has been made more complete by the changes of ownership which the province has undergone. It has been one of the battle-grounds of Europe, and several of Frederick the Great's victorious fields are pointed out to the stranger. Many traces of former Austrian rule are still to be found in the cities, but at present the people are thoroughly German in instincts and aspirations.

Breslau is a city of about three hundred thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the river Oder, occupying part of both banks and several islands of that muddy stream. The Oder and its tributaries form the highway for a considerable commerce,

chiefly carried in large, flat-bottomed craft, something like canal boats, but much more picturesquely shaped. The Oder has an inconvenient habit of overflowing its banks in spring, and hence is hemmed in out of mischief by hundreds of miles of massive dykes, which are often planted with trees and make delightful walks.

The city of Breslau, though so populous, probably does not cover more than a third of the space occupied by Toronto, but is very closely built up. At one time it was enclosed within immense walls and a moat, but modern warfare has made these defences useless, and the walls and bastions have been levelled and planted with trees and flowering shrubs, while the moat has been ornamented with handsome bridges and forms the home of innumerable ducks, geese, and white and black swans. It is amusing to watch the indignation with which a nesting white swan ruffles its magnificent plumage and sails like a man-of-war full tilt at some black, Australian interloper. The colour line seems as sharply drawn as in the Southern States. The promenades, formed of the dismantled fortifications, almost surround the old city, and for extent and beauty are scarcely rivalled in the world. It would lead us too far here to attempt a description of the quaint architecture in ancient quarters of the city, or of the handsome modern quarters with their long rows of buildings in the rather monotonous Italian style.

It may be more interesting to loiter a while in the streets and watch the passers. The majority have dark hair and eyes, and evidently the blonde German has been much crossed with Polish and other Eastern blood. There are many thousands of Poles and Jews in the city, the latter having almost a monopoly of many lines of business. Here comes a Polish or Russian Jew —a remarkable figure, with the Hebrew nose very pronounced, and an oily lock of long black hair dangling on each side of the face. His tall stove-pipe hat is all battered and dinted and his long coat reaches almost to his ankles. In shuffling past he casts a shrewd speculative glance upon you to see if there is any prospect of gain to be made from you—an Egyptian to be spoiled. Other Jews, however, are of a very different type and bearing and cannot but be respected for their dignity and sense of honour. Young Jewesses often present the loveliest faces to be found, though their beauty fades early.

The dark, often handsome, but sometimes truculent-looking Poles, form an interesting part of the throng to the Western

visitor; and, still more so, the strangely-dressed Hungarian peddlers, who trudge barefoot under a great load of tinware.

A sight which always moves an American to indignation is to be found in the carts propelled by an old woman harnessed in with a huge, panting dog. These are very common, especially around the markets, and early in the morning hundreds of bowed figures, straining at their carts or trudging heavily under a huge basket of fruit or vegetables, may be met coming miles to sell their produce. Among the first things to be noticed are the great number of uniforms in the streets, for Breslau contains several thousand troops of all arms, and one can hardly turn without meeting a sturdy, heavily-treading soldier, or a natty officer in the most padded of jackets and the tightest of trousers.

Students, too, dashingly uniformed, or long-haired and pale, may be seen on their way to the university. Let us follow them. The main building rises almost like a hill by the edge of the now placidly-reflecting Oder. It is, perhaps, an eighth of a mile long and has been tunnelled through by the city authorities to give passage to a busy street leading to one of the bridges. All day long the street-cars rumble through, sending faint jars and muffled roars up into the sober quietude of the lecture rooms above. Let us go in with the crowd and see what is going on to-day.

A burst of triumphal music echoes through the huge old university building by the Oder, and the crowds of students and burghers under the vaulted and frescoed roof of the *Aula Leopoldina* part their ranks to make way for an advancing procession. Gorgeously robed dignitaries and officials file with stately deliberation into the raised upper end of the grand hall, from which the *vulgus* has been rigidly excluded by the beadles. The music ceases. With impressive ceremonies handed down from mediæval and monastic times, the old Rector Magnificus transfers to his successor the baretta, the crimson velvet robe and the massive gold chain and insignia of office, and then with sonorous Latin speeches in honour of the new Lord Rector and the Emperor, the university year is declared open.

The university forms a commonwealth, vassal to the Kaiser as represented by the Prussian Minister of Education, but in internal affairs largely independent. It is a sort of republic in which the great body of citizens, the students, have no voice in the government, and all power is vested in the professors, who com-

pose an aristocracy, not of birth or wealth, but of intellect and ability. The professors have the franchise in this commonwealth of letters, and elect in rotation year by year one of their number to act as Chief Magistrate or Rector.

More than one minor prince of Germany has less real power than the Rector Magnificus of a great German university, who during his year of office ranks with the nobility and has authority to punish students defiant of his ordinances by fine or imprisonment in the university *carcer*.

The amount of freedom allowed professors is something very surprising in a land so given to red tape and autocratic power. The Minister of Education, it is true, makes the appointments to chairs; but the faculty where the vacancy occurs has the right to suggest suitable men, one of whom the Minister appoints. Once installed, the professor is paid a fixed salary by the Government and is expected to deliver one course of lectures, free, each semester; but beyond that is absolutely untrammelled.

If he chooses he may devote himself to investigation and live on his salary, which, however, is very little larger than that of a good high school master in Ontario. Usually he delivers several courses of lectures and makes a charge for attendance; and popular men often make a large income, while less efficient or less popular men are rewarded according to their deserts. The arrangement serves as a wholesome stimulus and preventive of fossilization. The professor is not limited either as to subject or methods, so that there is free scope for originality. Frequently the same ground is covered by two or more men, so that students may see all sides of the subject. The rivalry, of course, brings out the full powers of the lecturer. Beside the regular professors, any graduate has the right to attach himself to the university as a private lecturer (*privat docent*). He gets no salary, but lives as he can on the fees charged for lectures. Talented young men sometimes draw large classes and thus spur up lagging professors on whose ground they trespass. The more promising are drafted from time to time into professorships in accordance with the law of the "survival of the fittest."

No man is chosen as professor who is not thoroughly master of his subject. It is not enough that he can present it clearly to the student; he must be an investigator and inspire young men to advance the outposts of his science by leading the way

himself. He must have the thoroughness and intensity, if also the narrowness, of the specialist; for it is impossible for any man to be at home in more than a small arc of the vast circle of modern knowledge. Surrounded by a few devoted students in his study or laboratory, the German professor does his most valuable work by actual discovery and by dropping seed-thoughts into young minds that shall afterwards bear fruit. How many of the great advances of modern science have originated in such quiet surroundings!

In Prof. Cohn's Plant Physiological Laboratory one forgets the Jewish face and accent and nervous ways of the professor in the remembrance that from this roughly-fitted room, once a Jesuit cloister, and from this unpretending man have come some of the earliest and most convincing proofs that life cannot spring from dead matter, but only from previous life; and the first systematic treatment of those insidious enemies of ours, the bacteria, infinitesimal plants, active in all decay and sometimes potent carriers of mortal disease. Or when one listens to Prof. Roemer's quiet, lucid description of the fossil which he holds in his hand, one remembers that the speaker is a paleontologist of the first rank, whose writings are standard authorities on the subject of ancient life. The student cannot but feel honoured and roused to earnest work when he comes in close contact with men of such ability and renown; he imbibes far more than the mere facts; he becomes inspired to question nature for himself.

The professor is free, but the student is not less so. He has been ground during eight years or more under hard task masters in the gymnasium (high school) and has finally emerged from his *Abiturienten Examen* at the close of the course with as much well-digested knowledge as is possessed by the average Canadian pass-graduate. Up to that point a slave, he is a free man from the moment he enters the university, and is treated as capable of judging in all things for himself. He is not required to hear any given course of lectures nor to read in any given direction. He may take up and graduate in any subject he likes. He may even devote his full time to the consumption of beer and the development of clouds of tobacco smoke. Under the circumstances it is astonishing how much honest hard work is done.

There are no examinations to worry the student, till the last rigorous one before graduation, but this, though oral, is a very

serious ordeal indeed. But the examination is held whenever the candidate thinks himself prepared for it, provided that he has spent three years at some university and has handed in a dissertation which, in the opinion of the faculty, adds something new and valuable to the world's store of knowledge. This insures that no one shall graduate without some independent thought and original investigation. When the dissertation is accepted, a certain number of copies printed, and the dreaded examination passed, the candidate must still publicly defend certain theses against all opponents, and if successful is then with due formality granted the final dignity of *Doctor Philosophiæ* and thus introduced into the commonwealth of learning.

The freedom enjoyed by students in a German university lends a great charm to their work. They catch the spirit of intellectual liberty, and labour with double energy because the subject is of their own choice and one which they love. And then there is nothing so seductive as the thought of discovery, of treading hitherto untrodden ground, of wresting new territory from the vast and shadowy realm of the unknown, and this hope quickens the pulse of every good German student. He is not content simply to receive, he longs to add some fruits of his own to the common intellectual inheritance.

I have very pleasant memories of some of these enthusiasts; for instance, the handsome young count who occupied the next table in chemistry and was intensely interested in the properties of a new compound which he had isolated from beetroot molasses; or the dark, strong-featured Jew who spent months in preparing a set of dainty crystals and tracing some hitherto unnoticed relation between their form, optical qualities and chemical composition; or the lanky, frowzy-headed botanist who had tramped over half of Silesia and Bohemia with his collecting box and pressing boards, and could give at a moment's notice the name and peculiarities of any plant we met in our walks. Of course, there were some who did not make such good use of their freedom. There were idle sons of rich parents, whose main object in life seemed to be drinking beer, displaying to the best advantage their dashing *corps* uniform, and making an impression on the young ladies, who cast their eyes demurely down as they passed. Their handsome faces were sure to be decorated with a scar or two received in a duel. These students' duels are forbidden by law, but are vigorously winked at by the police, and form a picturesque variety in uni-

versity life. By the favour of a friend I was invited to one of these meetings, which took place in a tavern whose street and number I was not to divulge. I found a noisy crowd of students sitting over the inevitable beer, while champions from rival societies fought with rapiers. All vital parts were safely padded and protected, and it was interesting to watch the skilful fencing as the blades glanced and flashed fire or bent half double at some successful parry. Now and then the keen steel touched the flesh and a red line of blood followed, dripping down the garments to the sanded floor. If serious, the wound was cleansed and sewed up by a young surgeon in attendance, while the wounded man clenched his teeth to hide the pain. If slight, the duel went on for the allotted time. At the third duel a handsome young fellow's nose was almost completely severed by a stroke swift as lightning. My curiosity was abundantly satisfied, and I bade adieu to my bloodthirsty fellow-students. After all, I doubt if as serious injuries are inflicted in these duels as in some of our barbarous Rugby football matches.

There are numerous other societies, however, devoted to science, mathematics, music and a dozen other objects, but above all to beer—the universal solvent for griefs and joys of every sort. If one is not too averse to what its admirers call "the noble juice of the barley," there is a very curious and antique flavour about these society meetings. Mingled with songs, jests, scientific discussions and cigar smoke come the ponderous Latin phrases of the president who directs the drinking. Light and unadulterated as their ordinary beers are, there is no doubt in my mind that their use is a very serious evil in German studentship.

Notwithstanding the hearty life, the buoyant spirits and freedom from restraints, one sees in German universities none of the boyish pranks of hazing found in some American colleges; nor is there any of that ruffian spirit displayed on public occasions in some English and Scottish universities. On the contrary, there is an admirable spirit of order, manliness and due respect for one's self and the authorities shown by German students that one might wish to see imitated in other countries. Those who have themselves tasted the difficulties of independent research are full of respect for their elders in the thorny way which leads toward truth; and nowhere in the world does learning or intellectual power of any kind inspire a more hearty reverence.

The things most worthy of imitation in the German system seem to be the broad, firm foundations laid in the gymnasia, so unlike our superficial cramming for examination; the manly, independent spirit of investigation; the personal acquaintance with facts and phenomena,—with nature herself, instead of the slavish memorizing of other men's diluted or distorted views of things. The German method produces men who bow to no authority, but persistently think for themselves; while our methods too often lead to intellectual parasitism, the power to reproduce but not to discover or create. No wonder then that progressive men of all countries seek the inspiration of German universities; for in most departments German professors lead the thought of the world!

FARADAY HALL, Cobourg.

THE "CONTINUAL BREAD."

BY MISS E. J. STEPHEN.

"And upon the table * * they shall spread cloth of blue, * * and the continual bread shall be thereon."—Num. iv. 7.

LIFE'S fleeting pleasures come and go,
Like feet along a city way;
I take them quick—I like them so,
And sighing, wish that they could stay.
Alas! I am but poorly fed,
And hunger for "continual bread."

Not satisfied with just a crumb,
I search—I find a full recourse;
God bids e'en me to look and come,
He is a never-failing source.
I choose my Christ, the world instead,
And feast upon "continual bread."

Earth's hopes are sweet, but change to me,
Like midnight chill, and noontide heat;
Our Father meant that so 't should be,
But has provided better meat.
When earth's poor pleasures all are fled,
My spirit has "continual bread."

Life's taunting pleasures come and go,
Like glow-worm lights on evening air;
But heaven's comfort stays me so—
Why should I wish for starveling fare?
My Jesus has His table spread;
With Him I have "continual bread."

JAMES NASMYTH.

BY THE REV. A. C. COURTICE, B.D.

To trace the derivation of surnames and Christian names from the circumstances of birth, the occupations, or the characteristics of individuals, is an interesting study. Examples of such may be found in Moses and Isaiah, Sophron and Melanthus, Crassus and Cicero, Sextus and Septimus, Hildebrand and Conrad, Wood, Marsh and Dale, Knight, Shepherd and Smith. In Old Testament times it was an occasional practice to adopt a change of name on the occasion of an important event in one's life, as in the cases of Abraham and Israel. It is not often that we find a negative added to any of these names to form a new one, but in the case of Nasmyth we find the occupation changed by a negative at an eventful period. An ancestor of the Na(e)smyths, who fought under the royal standard, after a defeat, took refuge in a smithy, and was disguised by a leathern apron and a sledge-hammer. A party of the victors in pursuit entered the smithy, and the awkward use of the hammer revealed the fugitive. One of the pursuers rushed at him, calling out, "Ye're nae smyth." The stalwart hammerman turned on his assailant and prevailed; rallied a part of the royal forces, and turned a temporary defeat into a victory. The armorial bearings of the family were a hand-dexter with a dagger between two hammer-shafts, and the motto was, *Non arte sed marte.* The subject of this article changed the motto to *Non marte sed arte,* and the device to a steam-hammer.

The ancestors of James Nasmyth were worthy and industrious men. His grandfather, Michael Nasmyth, was an architect of Edinburgh, whose works were marked by thoroughness, elegance, and substantiality. His grandmother was an adept in delicate and neat needle-work. His father was an artist, a modeller, a mechanic, and an assiduous workman. As an artist, he commenced as a carriage-painter, but developed into a portrait and landscape painter. As a modeller, his principal efforts were in laying out landscape scenery around large estates; and on one occasion he planted a rocky crag with trees, by shooting cannisters of suitable seeds out of a cannon. As a mechanic, he had a workshop filled with all kinds of mechanical tools, and two of his inventions in mechanical engineering were the "bow-and-

string bridge," and "rivetting by compression," instead of percussion. It was in this workshop that young Nasmyth first began to handle mechanical tools.

The constant education of his father's example was thus artistic and mechanical, but there was also another line of education which the lad underwent through his mother's example, for he remembered her as of industrious habits, cheerful disposition, and constant common-sense. In addition to the influence of his own parents there must be some account taken of the influence of the friends of the family. The father's companions and the visitors at the home were men of art, mechanism, and science. The neighbourhood of Edinburgh is one of great geological interest. Sir James Hall, Professors Playfair and Leslie, in their walks around the outskirts of the town, were often accompanied by Alexander Nasmyth and his son James. The latter attributes a great influence on his education to these walks and talks, for he says that "*ideas*, not mere *words*," took hold of his memory. These are the influencing circumstances of the early life of James Nasmyth.

He was born on the morning of the 19th of August, 1808, and was the youngest of three brothers and six sisters. Among the incidents of his early life, spent in Edinburgh, we can notice only a few. When about four or five years of age he gave a decided preference to the use of his left hand. There was frequent correction, but "on the sly," the skilful left was wielded, especially in making little sketches. This continued until, one day, a specially artful sketch executed by the forbidden hand was shown to the father, when he said, "Well, you may go on in your own way in the use of the left hand, but I fear that you will be an awkward fellow in everything that requires handiness in life." The paternal forecast in this case, however, was not prophetic.

Young Nasmyth received his first mechanical impulse from the workshops in Greenside, a place in the valley on the north side of Calton Hill. Here were the workshops of coppersmiths, tinsmiths, brass-founders, goldbeaters, and blacksmiths. Here he saw the dexterous use of the hammer, the chisel and the file. He went home to imitate these mechanical manipulations, and became so skilled that the people called him "a little Jack-of-all-trades." The High School experience of our young mechanic was very short and rather unsatisfactory. He had little relish for rules of grammar, Latin or Greek. He says,

"My young mind was tormented by the tasks set before me. At the same time my hungry mind thirsted for a knowledge of another kind." He left at twelve years of age, and continued his studies at private classes, delighting in arithmetic and Euclid. He especially rejoiced in the mental effort and victory of a Q.E.D. His school-days, however, were not without their effects in the development of his peculiar genius. Nasmyth had two cronies. The one was Jemmy Patterson. His father was the largest iron-founder in Edinburgh. The other was Tom Smith. His father was a general merchant, and had a special genius for practical chemistry. One branch of Mr. Smith's business was an extensive colour manufactory, where white lead, red lead, and a great variety of colours were produced. Young Smith and young Nasmyth were allowed to experiment in a chemical laboratory.

But we must not forget his acquaintance with Jemmy Patterson and the iron foundry, where mill-work and steam-engines were repaired. Here he became acquainted with Johnnie Syme, who had charge of the old Boulton and Watt steam-engine. Johnnie is described as a complete incarnation of practical knowledge, and a Jack-of-all-trades. This quaint engineer was specially posted on the important process in practical mechanism of hardening and tempering steel.

"It is, perhaps, not saying too much to assert that the successful practice of the mechanical arts, by means of which the civilized man rises above the savage condition, is due to that wonderful change. Man began with wood, and stone, and bone; he proceeded to bronze and iron; but it was only by means of hardened steel that he could accomplish anything in arms, in agriculture, or in architecture."

Between the ages of seventeen and nineteen important events occurred for our young engineer. He constructed working models and sectional models of steam-engines. The price of the models was £10, one-third of which he gave to his father, and with the rest he purchased tickets of admission to certain classes in the University, viz., chemistry and mathematics.

Nasmyth's first attempt at original contrivance was about this time. It was an *expansometer, i.e.,* an instrument for measuring the expansion of any material under various increments of heat. It worked like a thermometer. He also made a steam carriage for the common road, first in the shape of a small working model, which was exhibited before the Scottish Society of Arts, and afterward, on their order, in the shape of a

large carriage, carrying eight persons. A person might be inclined to ask what accommodations the young man had in all this work. Throughout the life of James Nasmyth there is no clearer, though there may be more important, evidences of his inventive ingenuity and practical resourcefulness, than is found in the method of accomplishing these early works. He got up early in the morning to work at his father's lathe, and sat up late at night to do the brass castings in his bedroom. During the day he attended University classes.

We must now record one of those pauses that inevitably come to the human life. At such periods Providence calls, *Halt!* These pauses come from various causes: from bereavement, sickness, pestilence, or famine. They are the period marks in the punctuation of life. They cause a decided pause and give time for reflection. It is at such times that we hear

"Time flowing through the middle of the night."

In this hobbledehoy state—between a boy and a man—probably our young engineer was attempting too much in drawing, in foundry and machine-shop work, and in attendance on University classes. In 1828 he was visited with an attack of typhus fever, from which he recovered because of careful nursing and a strong constitution.

The year 1829 opened a new period. Young Nasmyth was now an ambitious engineer, with practical life-hopes and life-plans. He was no longer to *play* with mechanism, but was to *work* at it, though with all his former zest. It was part of his ambition to get a position in the celebrated workshops of Maudsley, in London. The fame of these machine-shops had reached far into Scotland, because of their excellent workmanship and because they made a specialty of machine tools. Maudsley's great ambition and his chief technical achievement was the production of a perfect screw. As an illustration of the perfect accuracy of his achievement we notice the following:

"A screw of five feet in length and two inches in diameter was cut with fifty threads to the inch, the nut to fit it being twelve inches long and containing six hundred threads. This screw was used principally for dividing scales for astronomical and other metrical purposes of the highest class."

Nasmyth was anxious to be under Maudsley, and was destined to fully equal even so great a master. A difficulty lay at the threshold, however. Maudsley had ceased to take pupils in the

shape of premium apprentices. The preparations he made to secure a position in the London shop, show his knowledge of what a genuine, practical engineer would appreciate. He says:

"It therefore occurred to me that by showing some specimens of my work and drawings I might be able to satisfy Mr. Maudsley that I was not an amateur, but a regular working engineer. With this object I set to work and made with special care a most complete working model of a high pressure engine. . . . . In like manner I executed several specimens of my ability as a mechanical draughtsman."

We must say, however, that Nasmyth was not looking for an advanced position in the shop. While looking through the shop, they (Mr. Maudsley, young Nasmyth and his father) passed through the engine-room, where the man was cleaning out the ashes from the boiler furnace. On the spur of the moment young James said, "If you would only permit me to do such a job as that in your service, I should consider myself fortunate." The reply was, "So you are one of that sort, are you?"

When the inspection of the works was completed, the young man ventured to say to Mr. Maudsley: "I have brought up with me from Edinburgh some working models of steam engines and mechanical drawings, and I should feel truly obliged if you would allow me to show them to you." "By all means," said he, "bring them to me to-morrow at twelve o'clock." That promise made one glad but anxious heart. Nasmyth was asked to wait in the private library until the work was inspected. Twenty long minutes were filled brimful of anxiety and expectation. Mr. Maudsley opened the door which led from his library into his private workshop and said, "This is where I wish you to work, beside me, as my assistant workman. From what I have seen, there is no need of an apprenticeship in your case."

From May, 1829, to August, 1831, James was busy in regular attendance and labour in the workshop. At the age of twenty-three he decided to start for himself. He went to Edinburgh, built a temporary workshop, and commenced making the necessary machinery for his new undertaking. Three years were spent in these preparations, and in 1834 James Nasmyth opened his foundry in an upper flat of an abandoned cotton-mill in Dale Street, Manchester. The one flat soon proved too small, and grew into the noted Bridgewater Foundry. In four years he was well established in business, and, having married, was settled in a home.

The later events of his industrial life are a becoming and crowning close to such a diligent, self-dependent beginning. Among these we must mention the invention of the steam-hammer and its application as a steam-pile driver; his travels in France, Italy, Russia and other countries of Europe, enlarging his business and undertaking difficult contracts of mechanical engineering; and finally, in 1856, his retirement from business to follow some favourite occupations, especially astronomical observations and the improvement of astronomical machinery.

James Nasmyth was the originator of fully forty different inventions and contrivances, but among them all none is the peer of the steam-hammer. We will close this brief sketch of his life with a description of the invention of this great mechanical tool—ponderous as an elephant in its power, but gentle as a child in its manageableness. The Great Western Company had launched the *Great Western* steamship, and she had been successful in her voyages between Bristol and New York. The directors consequently ordered their engineer, Mr. Francis Humphries, to construct another vessel of much greater magnitude, the *Great Britain.* This engineer consulted with Nasmyth concerning the making of machine tools of unusual size for the construction of the immense engines. The tools were made, delivered, and thoroughly approved. An unexpected difficulty arose. There was not in England or Scotland a forge-hammer powerful enough to forge the intermediate paddle-shaft of the engines of the *Great Britain.* Humphries consulted Nasmyth, and this put Nasmyth on his mettle. The obvious solution of the problem was to contrive some method by which a ponderous block of iron could be lifted to a sufficient height above the anvil and then let fall, being guided in its descent with sufficient precision on the work. This led to a sketch of the steam-hammer, consisting of a massive anvil, a ponderous block of iron constituting the hammer, and an inverted steam cylinder to whose piston-rod the hammer-block was attached. The steam raised the block and its own gravity gave a tremendous blow.

All this fell through, however, for the paddle-shaft of the *Great Britain* was never forged, because the "screw" was just at this time substituted for the "paddle-wheel" as a propelling power. The steam-hammer remained only in sketch for three years. The practical application of the sketch came about in

a peculiar way. While Nasmyth was on a journey, M. Bourdon, the mechanical manager of M. Schneider's works at Creuzot, France, visited the Bridgewater Foundry. Following Nasmyth's custom, his partner, Mr. Gaskell, showed this sketch of the steam-hammer. M. Bourdon took careful notes and sketches and went home to put them into practice. Sometime afterward Nasmyth was travelling in France and visited the works of M. Schneider. Seeing a remarkable piece of forging, he asked how it was done. The reply was, "It was forged by your steam-hammer." Nasmyth was surprised and pleased He was invited to the forge department to "see his own child," and, says he, "there it was, in truth, a thumping child of my brain." Soon after this it was protected by patent, though it cost £500 to do it at that time. This hammer would break an egg-shell in a wine-cup without hurting the glass, or it would mould a mass of hot iron as if it were clay.

One grand application of the steam-hammer was made in 1845 in the shape of a steam pile-driver. There was always a great amount of pile-driving in connection with the naval works. Baker and Sons had taken the contract of a large extension of the Devonport docks. They ordered two of Nasmyth's steam-hammer pile-drivers, each with a four-ton hammer. They were soon completed, conveyed to Devonport, and erected.

"There was a great deal of curiosity in the dock-yard as to the action of the new machine. The pile-driving machine men gave me a good-natured challenge to vie with them in driving down a pile. They adopted the old method; I adopted the new. The resident managers sought out two great pile-logs of equal size and length—seventy feet long and eighteen inches square. At a given signal we started together. I let in the steam, and the hammer at once began to work. The four-ton block showered down blows at the rate of eighty a minute, and in the course of *four and a half minutes* my pile was driven down to its required depth. The men working at the ordinary machine had only begun to drive. It took them upward of *twelve hours* to complete the driving of their pile. Such a saving of time by steam *versus* manual labour had never before been witnessed. The energetic action of the steam-hammer, sitting on the shoulders of the pile high up aloft, and following it suddenly down, the rapidly-hammered blows keeping time with the flashing out of the waste steam, was a remarkable sight."

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER V—SARAH'S SORROW.

JONATHAN saw little of his daughter for some weeks after his visit to Aske Hall. At least once or twice in the month he received a pretty unbusiness-like envelope of thick satin paper closed with the Aske arms. It was the formal invitation to a dinner at Aske; and though it was understood to be a ceremony, all the same, the ceremony pleased Jonathan. "Thou sees," he said one morning to Ben Holden, "I might sit and hobnob wi' Baron Fairley, and t' High Sheriff, and t' member for Parliament and all t' rest of t' quality, if I hed a mind to," and he pushed towards him Eleanor's pretty invitation, with a very poor pretence of indifference.

"Why doesn't ta go an odd time?"

"Because I doan't like to go where I can't do mysen justice. When I take t' chair at t' wool-exchange dinner I feel all there. But at Aske's they'll talk of hunting and coursing, and what t' magistrates hev been doing; or mebbe about the last new novel, and such like, and I'd hev to sit and listen, and look like a fool. Yet thou knows, Ben, when t' talk is about wool and trade and manufacturing, I can hold my own with t' best of them."

"Thou hes a deal of pride in thee yet, Jonathan Burley."

"I doan't say I hevn't; but happen if thou would look near home thou would find a feeling or two quite as faulty."

"Thou says right. I'll hev to look after Ben Holden a bit. But thou arn't a fool on any subject. A man that can manage to keep his frames going, whatever sort o' weather there is in t' manufacturing world, is a man whose opinions are worth listening to on any subject; and I'd like well for thee to hev a talk wi' Baron Fairley. He's got a mind above the common run."

"Nay, I doan't think so! He's got some kind o' wimwam in his head about educating t' working-class."

"And why not? Why not, Jonathan?"

"Because we shall hev no end of worry and suffering before we can manage to give 'em enough learning to enable them to put it to right uses. Thou hes only to look at Tim Sharp and Bob Linker to find out that a little learning is a varry dangerous thing."

"There ought to be something taken on trust for t' workingman of t' future."

"Not there. We take men as we find 'em, Ben, and not as

they are to be. T' world is an infidel world; it can be made to see, but it can't be made to trust. I know what t' working-man is, and I wouldn't lend a sixpence on what he is going to be. If the grace of Jesus Christ isn't enough to lift him up, I think all the science and philosophy they can put into him will only make a bigger failure of him."

It was on the night following this conversation that Jonathan met Sarah after her late watch with Granny Oddy. The slight figure, in its black, dripping cloak, and the pale, thoughtful face under the black hood, appealed to him as no beauty, radiant with joy and sumptuously clothed, could have done.

He plodded on, almost cheerfully, through the dreary downpour, thinking of the admission she had made—that it was as hard for her as for him—and the promise in it, indefinite as it was, made him tread lightly and walk at a far swifter pace than usual. The walk at that hour and in such weather was a bit of self-denial on Jonathan's part, and this night he felt fully repaid for it.

"If I hed been riding, ten to one I'd hev missed her," he said; "my word! I'd hev walked all night for the words she spoke to me."

He was wet through when he reached his home, and the housekeeper met him with a face full of disapproval. "It isn't right, sir, nor what's to be expected, sir, with a stable full of horses, and a groom that lazy as it would be good for him to hev to wait a bit, and get well wet."

"It would be varry wrong, Mrs. Knowles, if I kept man and beast waiting in the storm for me while I was eating and drinking and heving a good time. And if I get wet through, I can hev dry clothes and a drop o' something warm to make me comfortable; and if I get cold I can grumble about it, and I hev a first-rate housekeeper to see that I get my hot gruels, and my bit o' good eating; but it's different with t' poor beasts —now isn't it?"

In fact, Jonathan was in a kind mood with all the world that night. Even Steve Benson came in for a few pitying thoughts, although he was very justly angry at Steve for his defection and ingratitude. "He's a poor silly lad, and he's none fit for a weaving-room; and if Sarah will only wed me, I'll set him up in some other way." Across his mind there came a thought of an American farm. It might be the salvation of Steve; and Jonathan felt sure that he would be much happier if the lad were too far away to be perpetually coming between Sarah and himself.

One day, towards the end of April, Mrs. Aske's carriage stopped at the gates of Burley's Mill, and Eleanor stepped lightly from the handsome vehicle. Jonathan saw her approach, and went to meet her; and as they crossed the mill-yard to-

gether, he was very proud of the beautiful woman by his side, and pleasantly conscious of the many faces watching them from the windows.

Aske was not with her. He had gone to his saddler's and would call in half an hour; "And, father," said Eleanor, joyfully, "we are going to London. Lady Fairley is to present me at court, and Anthony has taken a fine house, and I intend to have a royal time for the rest of the season."

"I am glad to hear thou art so happy. It isn't ivery lass that is as fortunate as thou art."

She took no notice of the remark, but went on to detail the interesting points in the proposed visit. And as Jonathan watched her luminous face all aglow with expectation, and expressing a score of flitting emotions, he thought how lovely she was, and how easy it must be for her to influence her husband, if she only took a little trouble to effect her purpose.

In about an hour Aske called. He was so handsome and gentlemanly, so disposed to be friendly to his father-in-law and amiable to Eleanor, that an observant person would never have detected the marked authority of his manner, or her half-resentful submission to it. In the midst of a gay conversation Aske said, suddenly, "Come, Eleanor, we must go. The horses have not been exercised, and are restive."

"I don't want to go just yet." She was standing at her father's side, and she laid her hand upon his shoulder and kissed him.

"We must go now, at once." His face darkened as he reiterated the order, and his mouth, finely formed as it was, closed with an ominous resolution.

"Thou had better go, my dear lass. I know what underworked horses are capable of, and thou can hear them champing and stamping outside. Kiss me, my bonny Eleanor, and God Almighty bless thee."

Then he rose, and they went together to the gates. But all the light was out of Eleanor's face, and her large gray eyes were troubled and full of tears. As the carriage drove away, Eleanor leaned forward and looked steadily at her father. He lifted his hat and watched her out of sight with a sorrowful face. She seemed now always to bring a shadow with her, no matter under what circumstances they met.

"What does ta look so troubled about?"

"I don't really know, Ben. My daughter always gives me a feeling of trouble."

"Now, look here! if there is a cross for thee, thou will come to it in the right time. Then take it up and carry it like a good man should do. But don't thee go out of thy way to *find* a cross; that's as bad as going out of it to escape one."

"I am afraid, Ben, my lass isn't a happy wife."

"There are women, and women, Jonathan, who always see a black spot in their sunshine. It's their own shadow."

"If I thought Aske was unkind to her, I would—"

"Fret not thysen to do evil in anywise; thou art old enough to know that there is no foolery like falling out. Come, come, I thought they looked a varry comfortable-like couple. Shadows grow bright if folks hev patience."

And for some weeks it seemed as if Ben's prediction were correct. The *éclat* and splendour of her London life satisfied Eleanor's ambition. She was "presented" by Lady Fairley, and she made a great sensation in society. Mrs. Anthony Aske's beauty, her dress, her receptions, and her fine manners, filled quite a space in the *Court Journal*. Jonathan was not indifferent to his daughter's social triumph. He bought a dozen copies of the paper and intended sending them to all his friends; but in some way or other, Ben Holden discovered his intention.

"Don't thou do it, Jonathan," he said. "I'm 'shamed to see an old man like thee going about wi' a paper like that in his pocket. Kissing t' Queen's hand is a grand thing, no doubt; but it's a far grander thing to hev built this mill, and to carry in thy brain and hands the living of nearly a thousand human beings. If ta isn't proud o' that, for goodness' sake don't be a fool about the show o' feathers and diamonds."

"Happen thou art in t' right, Ben."

He laid the papers aside, and went out of the office with the overseer. Somehow the thought of Sarah Benson came with an irresistible force to him; and as Ben went down to the engine-room he ascended to the upper weaving-shed. He had not seen Sarah for many days, and he had not spoken to her since that hour in which he had met her in the dark, rainy midnight nearly four months previously. It was his custom to visit several of the looms before he went near Sarah's—sometimes even to pass hers by with only a casual glance—and there were several girls whose work he admired or criticised with far greater freedom. Conscience did not make him cowardly, for he had not a thought but what was bred of honour and love, but it did make him self-conscious, and even a little nervous.

But this day when he came to Sarah's loom, he could not pass it. There had been something in his eager, longing gaze which had compelled the girl to lift her eyes to meet it. They were red and swollen with long weeping and her face was wan with sorrow and weariness. Jonathan was shocked. He lifted the pattern she was working from, and as he pretended to examine it, said, in a low voice, "Whativer is wrong with thee, Sarah? Thee must tell me."

"There are ill eyes watching us, master; please to go forward at once."

"I'll make thee my wife ta-morrow, and shut every ill eye and stop every ill tongue."

"Thou art doing me a great wrong, looking at me that-a-way. Please thee go forward. It is t' kindest thing thou can do."

He laid down the pattern with some remark about its difficulty, and went forward and out of the room altogether. He was for the moment angry at Sarah, but that feeling was speedily superseded by one of pity and anxiety. As he was slowly going down the main stairs, he met Ben Holden coming up. He said to him, "Go into t' room where Sarah Benson is working and look at her face. Then I want thee to find out whativer is wrong with her."

In at one door and out at the other Ben went, and he appeared to glance at every one but Sarah. Yet it was only her he noted. She had evidently given more way to her grief—whatever it was—since Jonathan's visit, for Ben saw that she was quietly weeping, and that her companions lifted their eyes a moment to her as Ben passed through the room. He did not, however, speak to any of them; he went to the lower shed and called out Jane Crossley, the granddaughter of the woman with whom Sarah lodged,

"Jane, dost ta know what Sarah Benson is fretting hersen ill about?"

"Ay, I know. Iverybody knows, for that matter."

"Nay, then, I don't; but I wish thou'd tell me. T' lass looks in a poorly way."

"Why, ta sees, she hes hed double work for her hands nigh on to four months now, and she's hed a bit o' real heart-grief last week."

"Is it about Steve?"

"In a way, it is. Thou knows after Joyce hed her little lass she was varry bad, and for two months she didn't leave her room at all. Ivery night as soon as Sarah had drunk off a cup o' tea, away she went to Steve's. They needed her badly there. Sometimes both t' mother and child were sick, and t' poor lass wouldn't get a wink of sleep between day and day's work."

"Thou should hev helped her a bit."

"I hed my own 'lookout,' Master Holden; and both mother and granny thought Sarah did more than she was called to do, seeing that Steve could hev all t' work he hed a mind to take."

"Well, Joyce hes been up and well for a goodish bit now, hesn't she?"

"Ay, she hes; but she'd got used to Sarah helping her wi' t' washing and cleaning; got used to Sarah nursing t' child while she got a bit o' sleep: and so Sarah was over at t' cottage most nights for this thing or the other. And Steve hesn't been quite as steady lately; he got out o' heart with t' expense of t' doctor and medicine, and I'll warrant Sarah hes hed to give many a shilling to make both ends of t' week meet."

"But she isn't a lass to cry over a few shillings."

"Not her, indeed. It is about t' christening she's crying, thou knows."

"Nay, I know nowt about christening."

"Well, then, t' little lass hed to be made a Christian, thou sees, and last Sunday t' job was done in fine style at t' parish church. Sarah had taken wonderful to the baby, and she thought no less than it would be called after her, 'specially as Steve's mother and Joyce's mother had both t' same name. But Joyce wouldn't hev it. She said, 'There had been Sarahs enough in t' family, and she had been chosen *Charlotta Victoria*, and it would be a varry queer thing if a mother couldn't call her daughter t' name she liked best.'"

Ben laughed sarcastically; he could not control his expression of his opinion. "You women are a queer lot," he said; "Whativer did she want a name like that for?"

"Victoria was for t' Queen, thou sees; and Charlotta for old Lotta Asketh, who is aunt to Joyce's mother. Folks think as old Lotta hes saved a goodish bit of brass in her little shop; and Joyce said 'she wanted a godmother for her daughter as could leave her a hundred pounds or so.' Lotta Asketh was pleased enough; she bought t' child a fine christening dress, and as she's a Church of England woman, she wanted it made a Christian of in t' parish church. That pleased Joyce, too; she said 'she always thought the Methodys were a little too low.'"

"Why didn't Steve speak up like a man?"

"Thou would hev spoken up, I hev no doubt," answered Jane, with a queer look at Ben, "but Steve isn't thee. He is varry much under his wife, and when she wouldn't ask Sarah to t' christening, he had no way to pay Joyce back but to leave his work and go off on t' tramp for a couple o' days."

"Not ask Sarah to t' christening? Why, thou art mistaken, sure—ly!"

"Nay, I'm not mistaken. Sarah spoke up once to Joyce and told her she didn't care much for hersen; but that Steve hed made up his mind that t' child should be called after his mother; 'and, Joyce,' said she, 'thou ought to do anything and give up anything, rather than drive Steve away from his work, and into t' habit of wandering about t' woods again.' And Joyce answered, 'she could manage her husband without any of her interference,' and sharper words followed, and the upshot was, Joyce declared 'she'd hev her own way, come what would o' it.'"

"Was Steve at t' christening?"

"Why, for sure. He came home on t' Friday night before t' christening Sunday, and he was that eager to make it up with Joyce that he agreed to all she wanted. Lucy Booth was to hev Sarah invited, but Joyce said 'Sarah worrited her,' and her nerves couldn't stand 'worriting'; besides, Sarah hadn't

sent t' little lass a present, and there were plenty of friends that had done so, to fill t' house to the varry door-step."

"Did thou go to t' christening?"

"I went to t' church, and there was a big party round t' font, and old Lotta Asketh stood up for t' baby with Joyce's own mother. Old Lotta may leave her a hundred pounds, but she'll niver teach her the Creed and the Collects, not she. There's not a bigger old heathen anywhere than Lotta Asketh."

"Did ta go to t' christening feast?"

"Ay, I did. There was a grand spread, I can tell thee! It was a knife-and-fork tea—cold chicken and ham, fatty-cakes and cheese-cakes, lemon tartles and sponge-loaves, and spice buns, and other oddments: but Lotta put a sovereign in t' baby's hand, so mebbe it didn't cost them so very much after all."

"And Sarah wasn't invited! I'm fair capp'd! Is ta sure?"

"I'm sure enough; and that is what she's fretting about, for thou sees she's a fool over Steve, and pretty nigh as bad over Steve's child. Folks hev talked a deal likewise, and iver since christening Steve hes been off in t' woods. He's a born rover; you'd think he'd come out of a gypsy tent."

"He's a weak, silly, heartless lad, that's what he is. I wonder at Sarah turning a kind word or look his way."

"Ay, but as thou said thysen, Master Holden, women are a queer lot. Mebbe it's a good thing for men that they are so queer."

"Get out wi' thee!—I mean, go back to thy loom. A man wouldn't be so bad off with thee, happen."

As for Steve and Joyce, Sarah had forgiven them so much that they thought her anger at the christening slight very unreasonable. Joyce had expected that Sarah would stay away for a week, but when the offended girl made no advance towards a reconciliation, Joyce felt almost injured by her sister-in-law's "unreasonable pride."

She spoke freely to her neighbours about Sarah, for she wanted Sarah to know that *she* was willing to "make it up;" but she would not call and tell her so, because she trusted that Steve's and baby's influence over her would bring her back to the cottage. But Sarah, like all people who are slow to anger, was stable in her wrath. She had made up her mind to go no more to her brother's house unless she was sent for; and Joyce, having been informed of this decision, was quite sure "it would be a varry long time ere she sent after Sarah Benson."

So the summer wore unhappily away. Sarah's friends soon understood that she would rather not talk of her brother and his wife, and the young couple were never named in her presence. "While all is well," Sarah thought, "I am only the third wheel on the cart; and if there should be any change for the worse, the news will find me quick enough, I don't doubt."

The news found her only too soon. One night when she

came home from her work, Steve was sitting in her room waiting for her. His appearance gave her a shock. Clothing is so much to a man, and Steve's was dusty and torn and shabby. He had lost entirely that air of a spruce, prosperous young workman which had set off so well his handsome face and trig, slim figure—the tidy suit, the coarse but clean linen, the gay neckerchief tied loosely at the throat, with the ends flying out a little at each side.

"Sarah, my lass, how is ta? I'm glad to see thy face again."

"I'm well, Steve; and I'm glad to see thee. How is Joyce—and Charlotta Victoria?"

"They are badly, varry badly. I hev hed no work for three weeks. Thou knows what that means."

"I do that. But whatever is up with thee? Thou art still working at Chorley's, I hope."

"Na, but I'm not. He's a mean lot. Didn't hear he hed packed me off three weeks since?"

"No, I didn't. Why did he do that, Steve?"

"I wish I'd taken thy advice and niver left Burley. Burley were always fair to me, and he knew when he'd got a master-hand, and didn't grudge him a day off now and then in t' fine weather."

"Oh, Steve, Steve! I'm afeared thou hes been up to thy old tricks again—a man with a wife and child, too. It's too bad of thee, it is that. Thou should stick to them summer and winter; thou promised to do so."

"I know I did; and I kept my word, until Joyce sent me off about the unlucky christening. I wanted t' little lass called after thee."

"Don't lay t' blame of thy folly to me. Thou knew right well that thou could not grieve me worse than by leaving thy work and thy home."

"Sarah, can ta lend me a sovereign?"

"Ay, I can, my lad."

"Thou art always kind; I thank thee for it."

"Nobody is more welcome; but, Steve, thou art not going to t' public-house with it, I hope?"

"Nay, I'm not that bad, Sarah. They are wanting coal and bread at home. I'll get it for them, and then I'm off on t' tramp to-morrow to look for work. I couldn't get another job here, thou knows, with both Burley and Chorley against me. Good-by, lass. I'll go far and long, and niver find as true and kind heart as thine."

And Sarah put her arms round his neck and kissed him. Then he stumbled down the little wooden stair, and she heard his footfalls die away on the stone pavement outside; and she followed every step with low, broken prayers for a love stronger and wiser than her love to protect and comfort him in all the way he should go.

CHAPTER VI.—STEVE'S FAIR CHANCE.

Hope is something more than a blessing, it is a duty and a virtue; and Jonathan, dimly conscious of this fact, kept his heart turned to the light, both as regarded his daughter and Sarah Benson. The elation and pleasure of Eleanor's first letters from London delighted him. But the sunshine soon shadowed. In a month or two she began to complain. "Anthony was jealous of her. He grudged her the full measure of the joy he had introduced her to. He counted up carefully the expenses of the honour she had everywhere done him." Jonathan took no notice of her complaints. He rather enlarged upon the unexpected enjoyments that had fallen to her lot.

"Things will rub themselves smooth and right if nobody interferes with them," he thought; and then he called to mind several matrimonial cases where things had rubbed themselves "smooth and right."

Aske had taken the house in London for three months, and the term was rapidly drawing to a close. In the beginning of August Eleanor would be at home again, and he began to look forward to her arrival with a sense of pleasant expectation. One morning he awoke with the name on his lips, and she was his first thought as he opened his eyes. It troubled him that his heart fell with it. It was a hot, sunny day, and he sent the carriage to the park gates, for he determined to walk through the grass and under the trees to meet it. He looked anxiously at Ben Holden, who was standing at the mill door in his long checked apron, with his hands in his pockets, and a general air about him of a comfortable satisfaction with life. Ben said a cheerful good-morning; and Jonathan perceived that all was right among the frames and workers. Then he knew that a fear about Sarah had been at least one element of his depression.

There was a large mail waiting for him and the topmost letter was one from Eleanor. He lifted and laid it aside until he had attended to every other communication. He expected something disagreeable to come out of that small smooth, emblazoned envelope; and he was not deceived. Eleanor was in debt, and afraid to tell her husband. She accused him of a stingy unreasonableness. She said he expected her to visit lords and ladies, and yet would not understand that many changes of clothing were necessary for such visits. The end and sum of the complaint was that she needed five hundred pounds to enable her to leave London honourably.

And Jonathan sent her the five hundred pounds at once, though he did not fail to give her with it much salutary advice, for running into debt was one of those social sins he found it

hard, under the circumstances, to excuse. By the next post he received his money back, with a stern polite note from Aske. It was evident that Aske had received the letter intended for his wife, and he was exceedingly angry at its contents and the revelation of extravagance which it made.

After all, there was something in Aske's note which compelled Jonathan's respect; yet he waited in great anxiety Eleanor's next letter. It was a few lines of passionate rebellion that made him wretched. She said Anthony had decided to take her to some German town "to teach her economy and self-restraint;" and she added, with a touch of obstinacy which Jonathan understood so well, "If he thinks to conquer Eleanor Aske by isolating her he is very much mistaken."

Jonathan dreaded to see a letter from her, and yet if letters did not come he was restless and anxious, and completely taken possession of by the absent child whom he so dearly loved. Often during the hot, dusty days he stood watching his frames with a heavy heart, and thinking—"full purse or empty purse, the weft o' life comes through a sorrowful shuttle."

It was in the early part of June when Steve borrowed the first sovereign from Sarah. It had been a little hard for him to make that application; but he felt less at the next one, and it soon became a very common thing for his sister to find him waiting in her room; especially on Saturday afternoon, when she received her wages. For Steve did not succeed in finding work; though he disappeared continually under the pretence of looking for it.

And Joyce, sitting anxious and suffering in her denuded cottage, was angered by his good-tempered indifference; and she made him feel her anger in all those unequivocal ways at the command of uneducated women. Alas! she did not understand that reproaches never yet brought back the wanderer. For though Steve loved his wife and child in his own fashion, his home had become an unhappy place, and he found it more agreeable to stay away from it than to do his duty and make it happy. Sarah trembled when she saw what disreputable characters lounged at the street-corners waiting for him when he paid her his almost regular weekly visit.

"Thou wilt surely get into trouble, Steve, if thou goes with bad company," she said, holding his hand—the hand in which she had just put half of her wage. "Thou art so simple and open-hearted, they'll make a tool of thee, see if they doan't! My dear lad, I doan't like t' look of that man that is waiting for thee."

"He's a real good fellow, Sarah; only he's out of luck, as I am. There isn't a flower or plant in t' hedge-row he doesn't know all about. I can tell thee, he is better than many a book."

"Still, thou hes no call to share thy money with him. Go home to Joyce; do, my lad."

"Nay; not I; she'll hev a scolding a waiting for me. I'm most sure of work next week at Satterly's, and then I'll go to Joyce."

It was one of Steve's peculiarities to be always "most sure" of some good thing "next week." And for a long time Sarah trusted in him. One dreary evening in November the full significance of the change which had taken place in her brother's life was revealed to her. She had come home from the mill, weary, cold, and wet, with a bitter indifference in her heart, for she felt as if Happiness had said to her, "*No! no! no!*" until she was full of cold despair. As soon as she entered the door, Martha Crossley said to her, "Here hes been little Polly Sands for thee, Sarah. Joyce sent her."

"What for?" She was removing her wet shoes, and she asked the question listlessly, almost querulously.

"Why, I should think Joyce is in trouble of some kind. Polly said thou was to go to Steve's cottage as soon as iver ta could."

"Did Joyce send for me? Thou knows I said I'd niver cross her door-stone again until she did."

"It isn't like thee, Sarah, to put 'if' and 'but' in t' way of a kindness. Joyce sent for thee, but happen it is God's message, too, my lass. Thou'lt niver say 'No,' I'm sure."

Sarah was crying softly; she could not have said exactly why.

"Take a drink o' tea—it's ready for thee—and make thy feet dry, and then go thy ways. I'll warrant thou willn't be sorry for it."

"Ay, I'll go, Martha"—and having determined to be generous, she made haste to be so. In half an hour she stood within the familiar house-place. A pitiful sight met her. Its best furniture was all gone. There was no fire on the hearth. There was no bread in the cupboard, and Joyce, who was fretful with want and anxiety, was scolding the child crying with hunger on her knee.

"Thou hes wished me ill ever since thy brother married me, Sarah Benson. Now, then, I hev sent for thee to see what thy ill wishes hev brought me to."

Sarah's heart was too full of pity to be angry at the unreasonable woman. She lifted the weeping child, and said, "Nay, then, Joyce, I am thy true friend. What can I do for thee?"

"Get Lotta some bread and milk; the little lass is fair starving. I'm well used to clemming lately, and I can bear it better."

Sarah had but a few shillings in her pocket, but she spent them freely; and she did not go away until she had made a good fire, and seen mother and child sleeping, after a full meal. During it, Joyce's complaints revealed, without extenuation, the

dangerous condition into which her brother had fallen. In this confidence all her foolish pride vanished, and the two women, completely reconciled, consulted heartily as to the best way of bringing Steve back to steady work and steady habits. Steady work was the first step, and Sarah determined to go to Jonathan Burley and ask it for him.

It was a painful step for Sarah to take, and in the morning it appeared twice as difficult, for she was under the tyranny of the weather. Monotonous rain filled the air, and saddened and weakened her. She lifted her little tin and started for the mill. There was a long string of workers before her, and the clattering of their clogs upon the stone pavements hurt her in every nerve. Ben Holden was at the gates, but she did not speak to him until the looms stopped for breakfast at eight o'clock. Then she said, "Ben Holden, I want to speak to t' master to-day."

"There's nobody will hinder thee. Is ta in trouble, Sarah?"

"Ay, above a bit. It's about Steve. I hev prayed to God to keep him in t' right road, and it seems like He is letting t' poor lad get varry far out of it."

"Don't thee reckon to know so much. God lets us go from one side of the road to t' other and act a good deal as it pleases wersens; but we are *fast tethered to His hand*, after all, my lass; and when we think we are carrying out our own wills we are carrying out his will too; and we find wersens in t' place He wanted us sooner than we thought for."

"It is all a muddle, Ben. I feel very near broken-hearted this morning."

"Nay, nay, my lass! Thou musn't speak in that fashion. And there is nothing mends sooner than a broken heart, if it be a good heart. Thou hed better see Burley about thy brother. T' master will do right; ay, he will that, whether he wants to do it or not."

About ten o'clock Sarah left her loom and went to Jonathan's office. She was the last person whom he expected to see there; and when he said "Come in," in response to her knock, he did not turn to see to whom he had spoken.

"I'm in trouble, and I hev come to you, master."

He lifted his head and looked pitifully at her.

"I'm in trouble, too, Sarah, and I hev been thinking about going to my Master about it; only, a woman's quarrelling and fratching is such a thing to trouble Him with. Yet, as He made women, He'll know how to deal with 'em, if any one does. But I'm not thinking of thee, dear lass. How can I help thee?"

"I want thee to take Steve back."

"Nay, nay; I can't do that. If thou was my own dear wife, and asked me to do that thing, I would say 'No' to thee."

"It isn't for my sake, sir. Oh no; not for my sake. Steve is going down t' road to hell as fast as drink and idleness can

take him there. Nothing but steady work can give him another chance. Master, is he to hev t' chance? Not for my sake, master. I'll stand behind thee, so thou can't see me. It's between thee and tha' conscience, now."

"Oh, Sarah! Sarah!"

"Not for my sake, master, for Christ's sake, will ta give Steve another chance?"

"Ay, I will. Twenty chances—seventy times seven chances! Go, my lass, tell him to come back and do his duty, and oh, Sarah! I thank thee for coming."

He stood up, and raised his face full of confidence and light. In the act of doing good, a token for good had been granted to him also.

In the enthusiasm of the action he had quite forgotten himself—quite forgotten Sarah. *To do His will,* on earth, even as it is done in heaven! That was the pure and perfect joy that satisfied his soul for the moment. Sarah did not go back. Ben Holden was in the yard, and she said to him, "Thou must let me off to-day. I'm none fit for my loom."

"Why-a! Whativer 's t' matter with thee? T' master niver said 'no' to thy question?"

"He said 'yes' with all his heart. He's a good man. I want to find Steve and tell him t' news; and there is Joyce, poor lass! It would be selfish-like in me not to see her as soon as iver I could get there."

"Go thy ways, Sarah Benson. If there were more women like thee, there wouldn't be so many bad husbands."

"Don't thee say that. Why should men lay their sins on any poor woman? They take their own ill way, most of t' time. It 'ud be just as fair to say, if all men were like thee and t' master, there would be no bad wives."

He had opened the gates as they were talking and he let her through with a smile.

ETERNITY WILL TELL.

HAVE I spread the dear mantle of charity
O'er the frail and weak, my God?
Have I striven to strengthen the tired and faint,
And helped them to bear their load?
Have the sick and the poor ever blest my name
For kindness my hands bestowed?

As I look backward, my heart beats low,
For the years that are to be,
And solemn and earnest as life and death,
This truth comes home to me—
That eternity's morning will surely tell
What I have done for Thee.

The Higher Life.

REST.

BY R. A. SIMS.

Matthew xi. 28th and 29th—Hebrews iv. 9th.

THERE is the rest that I received
When first I came to Him.
When His blest promise I believed,
That He would save from sin;
And in my sin hurried to Him
And found His promise good;
He took the weary load away
And lightsome then I stood.

Yes, sweet the rest that pardon brought,
My night had flown away;
I sang the grace that had me sought
And made me "of the day."
But soon soul longings came to me,
That as a son of God,
The life of Christ I might show forth
And tread the path He trod.

Alas, I found that sin was strong,
And often led astray;
My thoughts, my words, my deeds were wrong,
I could not walk His way.

At last I thought this life so blest,
This life from sin made free,
This life I've tried in vain to live,
Cannot be meant for me.

And so at Jesus' feet I fell,
I could not struggle on;
I'd tried so hard my sin to quell
And now all strength was gone;
But as I lay I heard the voice,
Which made the lepers whole:
"O take My yoke and thou shalt find
Sweet rest unto your soul."

I took the yoke and found the rest,
The deep, sweet calm of Heaven—
'Tis found alone on Jesus' breast
For those He has forgiven.
But hark. His matchless Sovereign grace
Has yet one more bequest,
For us the people of our God
Remains the Sabbath rest.

THE NEW PREACHER.

Of course you like him. He has preached his first sermon, has been subjected to the usual amount of criticism, his personal appearance, apparent social qualities, the matter of his sermons and the manner of their delivery, have all been duly weighed. Suppose he did put his best foot forward the first Sunday and gave you the choicest thing in his "barrel," you are perfectly sure that a preacher who can do so gloriously on that always embarrassing first Sunday, will average up well during the entire year. You are confident the appointing power for once, at least, has appreciated the wants of your church, and sent along just the right man. His wife, too, and even the children, are

fully up to the mark, and everything is so satisfactory that you are almost forced to acknowledge that if the matter had been entirely in your own hands you couldn't have done better. Well, we are right glad that you are pleased, and hope as the year passes you will learn to respect and love your pastor and his family more and more.

But admiration is not all that is expected of you. That new preacher needs help. He has come among you a stranger, or nearly so, feels the natural embarrassment of making many new acquaintances, is cumbered with the hundred and one little duties of getting settled, finds it somewhat difficult to start the church machinery after it has been idle for a week; and he wants you to stand by and help him lift.

First, his temporal wants need supplying. He has not come from his former charge with his pockets full of money. His moving expenses have had to be paid, and numerous other incidentals met, and his funds are probably low. If you propose to give ten or fifty dollars as your proportion of the year's salary, don't wait until the year is half gone. He needs money now. It is impossible for him to live on faith, though ever so richly supplied with that commodity. Ten dollars during the first few weeks will do more than a larger sum at any other period during the year. Then you can help by extending a greeting of real cordiality. Meet your pastor half way. Meet him more than half way. Do not wait for him to find you. Find him. Many complain that the new pastor is reserved and distant, and hard to get acquainted with, when in fact the difficult task of getting acquainted is all left for him to do. We know whereof we speak when this pen declares that few more trying and perplexing experiences come to mortal men than those realized by the pastor during the first two months on the new charge. So that if the new pastor fails to recognize you on the street or in the church the first time you meet after that hurried introduction, do not get impatient and write down hard things against him. How can you expect a man to become familiar with two or three hundred new faces in a few days?

You can also help wonderfully by being promptly at your post in church work, and taking hold with a cheerful heart and a firm grip. Give the pastor to feel that he can count on you. Be loyal. Church loyalty is church power. Speak a good word for him when occasion permits. Allow no one to speak disrespectfully of him in your presence. Invite strangers and

disinterested persons to hear him preach, and when they come make them feel very much at home. Pray for your pastor. Pray that "utterance" may be given unto him, and that through his preaching the "word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." If he says or does a good thing, tell him so. Don't be afraid of spoiling him by a few words of appreciation. More ministers are spoiled or utterly discouraged by withholding such words where they are deserved than have ever been hurt by praise. If things do not go to suit you, don't grumble. Especially do not find fault when in the presence of the unconverted. Put the very best construction on everything. That pastor is not an angel. He is human and very much like other men. Bear ye one another's burdens. He will help you carry your burdens, and perhaps you will need his sympathy and help more than you now suppose. Reciprocate. Help him. Put some sunshine into his life. Look, act, talk cheerfully. Let him feel every time he shakes your hand, and looks into your eyes, that you are his firm friend, and in full sympathy with him and his work.

"If you cannot be a watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
By your prayers and by your bounties
You can do what heaven demands,
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands."

The Joy of Perfect Love.

When love is the master passion of the soul, duty rises to delight, "we lose the duty in the joy." Duty is there, stern as ever. It must be. But when the heart is "dead to sin," and perfect love is enthroned, that which would otherwise be a burden or a task becomes a pleasure. The mother owes many a duty to the child of her bosom, and the little one by its very helplessness appeals for their performance. Yet the mother never hears the stern demand of duty. Her warm heart beats to the sweet melodies of a quenchless affection. She never thinks of duty while yet she is discharging it. And so with obedience to a heart that perfectly loves God. Nay, the Saviour has, in infinite condescension, used earthly relationships to teach and illustrate Divine truths. And we find Him calling the Church His

"bride." What does it mean? On His side it means that "He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it;" that He loved souls enough to die for each, a whole Christ for every sinner. But, surely, on the bride's part, it implies the perfect love that loves too much to serve from duty. Can it mean less? In every age and clime the bride and bridegroom have been the emblems of highest choice, deepest attachment, perfect love. And the moment that affection declines to mere duty the union is broken. It has given up its very life. The outward bond that still exists is but a name, a flower without scent, a cloud without rain, a well without water, a day without brightness. If the Church is the bride of Christ, perfect love should be her very life. Yes, to perfect love, obedience is joy. And it is a thousandfold more exalted and Christ-like to have the whole stream of affection running toward God and obedience, than to have to fight an "enemy within," in order to be able to keep a clear conscience. Better to pray because I delight to, than because I must! And more beautiful to "work the works" which God has given me to fulfil, because "the love of God constraineth," than to have the task element as an unlovely feature in one's religious life, through not possessing perfect love.—*Rev. C. W. L. Christien.*

What the sun's rising is to the day, and the spring-time to the year, is Christ's resurrection to the life of man. It dispels the shadows and dreariness of the grave, breaks the bars of its chill prison-house, substitutes liberty for bondage, hope for despair. It gives a new ordering to life in all its prospects, plans and undertakings. The cycle of man's existence is turned about and upon a noble and sublime career. For as the sun's rising means that the earth has formed a new revolution, and that men are bidden to go forth to the ennobling employments of the day, and the spring-time means the awakening of a new life in nature, and that there are to be the activities and expectations appertaining to seed-time and harvest, so the resurrection means a new life, a new career, a new ordering and adjustment of temporal plans and occupations, a new and sublime shaping of everything in this lower world with reference to that glorious destiny beyond. "Walk as children of light."—*Churchman.*

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.*

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR D.D., F.R.S.

"In the morning ye say, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites! ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—MATT. xvi. 3.

IT is possible to paint the condition of the present age in two very different ways; and this has recently been done by the master-hands of two of the greatest sons of this century. The Poet Laureate, in his new "Locksley Hall," has drawn it in dark colours, as it might appear to the mind of an aged and disenchanted man; but the late Prime Minister has, in reply, drawn it in its most glowing lights of hope and progress. There is nothing really antagonistic in these views. Here is one series of facts which, if we contemplate them exclusively, would make us hopeless pessimists; there is another series of facts which, taken by themselves, would fill us with rose-coloured optimism. But apart from either picture, new conditions are arising round us of endless significance—conditions which need immediate and strenuous action, and which, unless the nation rises to the true meaning of the situation, may be pregnant with individual and national disaster such as it is hardly possible for the imagination to conceive. And these evils cannot be remedied, these perils cannot be averted, except by a nation which is thoroughly in earnest, by a nation prepared for higher thinking and plainer living than at present, by a nation which will rise with heroic self-denial to face the extremity of its own enormous needs.

It is on the way in which the problems of the present touch every one of us individually that I must speak to-day. The man must be indeed callous and selfish who can think of the menace of the sky without a heavy heart. To the lounger, the idler, the frivolous waster of time, to the drunkard, the glutton, the dissolute, to the hypocrite, the money-maker, the mammon-worshipper, to all who basely sit down at the feast of life and try to slink away without paying the reckoning, the facts should be full of significance; and would that to these my words could have all the solemnity of that voice which he who heard the Apocalypse heard crying in heaven, "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth." I will say nothing of that red glare flung on the lowering horizon by the menace of European war. I know not whether these rumours of war are only like the waves which roll shoreward, and roar, and strike, and are dissipated, or whether they mean a tide which shall redden a hundred fields with blood. When we see mighty nations armed to the teeth against each other, exhausting their resources, squandering their strength, swelling their national debts, in these costly and gigantic follies; when we read of those frightful inventions, explosives of unknown force, guns of infinite destructiveness, torpedoes which go far under the sea to blow up navies; when we see man's ingenuity exercised

*Preached in Westminster Abbey, on Sunday afternoon, February 13th, 1887.

in the elaboration of devilish engineering, and international jealousy adding its dreaded quota to the miseries caused by commercial rivalry; when we see in Europe at this moment at least twelve and a half millions of armed men doomed to lives of unproductive menace, amid groaning and tax-burdened populations, I ask you which seems most likely to happen in our days—the dawn of that Millennium when

> "The war-drum shall throb no longer,
> And the battle-flag be furled,
> In the Parliament of man,
> The Federation of the world,"

or rather that Armageddon battle of the last days, when the hosts of evil shall concentrate all their wrath for one last and deadly battle with the hosts of light?

But, passing over this question, there are two dangers here in England already upon us, which, if we care at all for posterity, or for the future interests of this nation, need all our seriousness. One is the unstable equilibrium of our whole commercial system, the fact that the so-called national prosperity enriches not the many, but the few; the fact that our industrial organization shows signs of perishing by its own inherent vices. We are constantly told of the wealth of England, of our national income of one thousand millions a year, and the fact that out of this income, according to the most eminent statisticians, we are yearly saving and investing two-hundred and thirty-five millions a year; yet, while every philanthropic society is struggling, and many efforts for good are bankrupt, when some huge brewing business is to be sold, hundreds rush forward, ignobly emulous, and one hundred million pounds is at once, and with passionate eagerness, imploringly put forward to buy a share in so blessed a concern, and to participate in the huge gains which it brings in amid the general decay. Who enjoys the luxury of this enormous mass of wealth?—the few, and not the people. We have a population of over thirty-six millions, but out of this population thirty and a half millions belong to the lower-middle and the poorer classes, and their quota of the national income, as calculated by the most competent authority, shows a miserably small average for the total weekly expenditure.

Clearly the existence of fabulous wealth in the country no more proves general prosperity than did the monstrous fortunes of the nobles in the decay of Rome, just before the Huns and Vandals burst upon her undefended gates. Then, too, the world saw wealth, a monster gorged midst starving populations; then, too, a guilty ostentation might be seen to flaunt itself amid famine-stricken multitudes. The wealth of the few may be no more a sign of general prosperity than the hectic flush upon the cheek of consumption is a sign of health. It was only for a brief space that steam and machinery added to the general well-being; latterly it has heaped riches into a small number of hands, and done nothing to moralize the use of them; and now that it has glutted the markets and minimised the profits of the capitalist, whole classes of Englishmen are at this moment engaged in a great struggle to hold back by the ears the wolf of poverty. The retail tradesmen are in a state of depression, the tenant farmers are, in many parts of England, on the verge of bankruptcy, many of the clergy

are in the anguish of destitution, innumerable clerks and sempstresses and shopmen are working many hours a day on the merest pittance, and, if even for a month they fall out of the mad race, it is harder and harder and harder for them to find employment. Work grows more and more uncertain and irregular. Crowds of dockyard labourers may be seen madly struggling at the dockyard gates for the poor labour which only a few of them can obtain. The number of the unemployed in England is increasing, and in all probability will increase; it is now numbered by thousands—what will you do when it is to be numbered by hundreds of thousands, and when, with the pauperism, deepens also the fierce and sullen discontent? We are complacently told that while our population has increased five-fold, our wealth has increased seven-fold; but the fact remains that, while there is more wealth, there is more general misery. There are in London at this moment eight hundred thousand paupers, and half a million are at hand-grips with destitution and are helped by charity. Is not this a warning against the selfishness of luxury, and of comfort-worship? Is it not possible that under such conditions all they that are fat upon earth, and have eaten and drunken, may, in the warning of Scripture, have only been heaping up treasure for the last days, and nourishing their hearts as in a day of slaughter?

And besides this congestion of wealth in the hands of a few, the other grave peril to which the thoughts of many Englishmen are now being awakened, and that on every side, is the growth of population. It has increased more since the year 1800 than it did for fully six hundred years after the Conquest. The Saxon races of Europe now double their numbers in every seventy years. In India millions are scarcely ever free from the pangs of hunger. In twenty-five years more the United States of America, that great outlet for emigration, will be fully occupied with its hundred millions of inhabitants. Long before another century has run its course the economic conditions of the whole world will be fundamentally altered; and on this ground alone there must be some immense change or crisis in the history of our race. The catastrophe dreaded by some writers in the last century has only been staved off for a time by the unforeseen importation of food, but this resource is far from inexhaustible. Nor has science discovered the means of increasing the supply of food in the same ratio as the increase of population. As one writer expresses it: "The human race in old countries is being jammed into a non-pass from which there is no escape till nature takes the matter in hand." But how? Will she send forth God's four sore judgments? Will the red horse of war, and the livid horse of famine, and the black horse of pestilence, be let loose among mankind? or is the shadow indeed reaching that line on the dial-plate of Eternity when the earth shall thrill to the trump of the Archangel and to the voice of God?

I do not make the faintest pretence to forecast the future; I do not pretend to know what the end of these things shall be; I am touching on these points solely to make turn on them our sense of individual duty. But this is plain, that this stupendous increase of population is complicated by two other elements, in England, of a great and silent revolution, which is going on in the midst of us. One is the growth of great cities; the other is the multiplication of the unfit. No one who has a grain of seriousness in his composition can dispute the facts, or can question their extreme

seriousness. The population of England, on the one hand, was rural, and is becoming urban ; on the other hand, the strong are in danger of being crowded out by the weak. Take the first fact, of which I will only say a word. Every year the country is more depleted ; the cities, and above all this monstrous imposthume of London, are more overcrowded. London alone adds a new Exeter, a new city of seventy thousand, to her inhabitants every year. If things go on like this unchecked, before two centuries are over England will be mainly one huge intolerable town, a furious centre of prolific vitality, the grave alike of the physique and of the *morale* of the race.

Take the other serious fact, that this increase is preponderantly among the most unfit. The tendency of civilization is to multiply from the lower and not from the higher specimens of the race. The idle, the squalid, the unthrifty, the undersized, those who practice no forethought and exercise no self-control, those who live on degraded and adulterated food, and whose one joy is drugged and poisonous drink, those who have no vista but the workhouse, and no Paradise but the gin-shop, are at this moment multiplying ten per cent. more rapidly than the prudent and self-controlled. I will quote, not from an aristocrat, but from a Socialist leader, who describes the ever-waxing crowds of the East End as "people of stunted frames and dwarfed intelligence," and who speaks of the "warped sympathy of children in the slums suckled on gin, and poisoned by foul air, corrupted by filth and bad food, and crippled by too early toil." Fresh complications arise from the ceaseless influx into London of starving labourers, helpless Jews, pauper Irish, and indigent foreigners, and by the loathely dominance in this afflicted land of the horrible curse of drink. Bloated and shiftless youths, without health, without hope, without resources, without God, with nothing to bring to the work of life but their hunger and their lust, swarm penniless from the feverish slums in which they scarcely ever wash or change their clothes, and swamp the labour markets with the crudest forms of unskilled and superflous labour.

And what do these things mean? The Socialists know, if you do not. They mean that, unless remedies be found in our earnestness, and in our self-denial, and in our promotion of every possible means of the common good of all, then the Huns and Vandals who shall shipwreck our civilization are being bred, not in the Steppes of Asia, but in the slums of great cities ; they mean that they who put down their ears and listen to the ground-swell murmuring restlessly in the great ocean of humanity, hear in that dull, hoarse roar a prelude of the tidal-wave, and, as Prince Krapotkin says, a multitude whom no man can number are as the ocean which can swallow up all else ; they mean that, if there be no remedy, sooner or later—and sooner, I fear, rather than later—there will and must be a social revolution which will deepen unspeakably the general catastrophe ; they mean that, if the upper classes, the comfortable classes, the upper and middle classes, do not arouse themselves from what has been called "their awful selfishness and bovine contentment," they will be shaken out of it by the impatient earthquake ; they mean that our drink, and our vice, and our mammon worship are bringing about by natural laws their own inevitable retribution, and that the vultures, which scent decay from afar, and may be seen already like black specks on the horizon, shall soon be filling the whole sky with the rush of their greedy wings.

Fools and selfish men, and those who do not care what happens to the world when they have ceased to consume its fruits, will be deaf and blind to all such facts as these, but every earnest, and every serious, and every honourable man and woman will ask, "Is there any help, and is there any remedy?" And this much I will answer at once, that there is no help and there is no remedy, except in lives of increasingly earnest effort and more self-denying duty; and that to all who are not enclosed in their own fat such considerations should sound as a clarion-call to be up and doing. For Socialism is no remedy. Socialism, strong only in the existence of neglected evils and wrongs unredressed, may conceivably triumph for a time in England, as it did in France, but if so, it will not be a remedy—it will be an aggravation. It may preach to hungry and ignorant men, as it openly does abroad, though not in England, its devil's gospel of plunder and confiscation: it may cripple the State, and overthrow the Church, and trample on the Crown, and so doing it may plunge the realm into more irretrievable calamity; but, if it does, its own helpless children will be the very first whom it will ruthlessly devour, and it will be in its turn thrown into ruins by the indignation of mankind.

Legislation, again, is no remedy. Legislation might indeed furnish some alleviations, though at the best but partial ones. This century has seen many noble enactments,—the outcome of all that was best and wisest, most just and most merciful, in the national heart,—and, but for these, our case would long ago have been desperate. But there can be no legislation adequately noble and adequately strenuous, unless legislators, after all these years of warning and struggle, have the courage at last to make a ruthless sacrifice of sterile party chatter, to grapple with the destroying curse of drink, to minimise, if they cannot extirpate, the tempting facilities of vice, to make short work with the owners of rotting houses and the vested interests of all those who fatten on the degradation of mankind, to give brief shrift to the so-called liberty, which means free license and temptation to do wrong, the liberty to the weakest to make themselves the beasts and slaves of their lowest appetites.

But if Socialism be but an aggravation, and adequate legislation be at present hopeless, individual effort is a remedy. Instead of sitting still in aimless acquiescence and selfish stupefaction, let us each see how God calls upon us to act. Are we helplessly to wait for miraculous interpositions? If so, we shall perish in our supineness. "The Lord said unto Moses, Why criest thou unto Me? Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." Of other duties I may speak on another occasion; this only will I say to-day, that there is no way whatever to help the struggling masses of our poor which does not raise the poor, and that the condition of things which I have described never can be remedied—nay, will grow worse and worse until the pit swallow it—unless the poor can be roused to make a resolute effort to uplift themselves. Without moral and religious remedies all others will be in vain. Alas! the classes whom I would fain address are not here. They have for the most part been lost long ago to the Church of England, and to every other religious denomination. On the members of the National Church rests in this matter an immense responsibility. Our present methods will not reach them. To our elaborate theologies, and our routined ceremonies, and our professional fineries, they have nothing to say; for rubrics, and millinery, and stereotyped services

they care no more than they do for the idle wind. They want a broader, simpler, larger, truer, manlier, less conventional, less corrupted, less fourth-century gospel. They want the essential Gospel. They want Christ; and oh! if He were here now, how would He be moved with compassion for them; how would He go amongst them; how little would He care for our petty ecclesiastical jealousies; how unmixed with isms, and ologies, and rites, and forms, would be His pure heart-searching Gospel! But this certainly He would tell to these masses of the poor whom the Church has lost—these sheep having no shepherd—that nothing which can be done to help them will be of any avail until they have learned self-help. They and their demagogues point often with scornful hatred to the scandals of the lives of the aristocracy—their own lives are often ten times more scandalous; they talk of the selfish rich—the poor too often in their way are ten times more selfish. The pauper youth who marries within half-a-crown of starvation, the labourer who drinks his five shillings' worth a week of gin and ale, while his children are starving and his wife is in rags, the loafer who will scarcely ever do an honest day's work, is a far worse enemy of society, far more selfish, and far more of a voluptuary in his evil way than any of the rich. They talk of being slaves,—they are only too free, free to destroy themselves body and soul, and through drink and lust to kindle the fires of hell in their hearts and on their hearths.

But is it nothing to us? Are we each like so many Cains to say "Am I my brother's keeper?" I say that on every one of us is incumbent the plain duty of considering these signs of the times, of considering the poor, of doing our utmost in whatever way God makes clear to us—and if we seek the way He will make it clear to us—to avert the lurid menace of the lowering skies. If Socialism be ruin and not a remedy, if the action of legislation be at best tardy and partial, can the Church do nothing? To me it seems that what I mean by the Church of God is the only power which can do anything. God's arm is not shortened, the outpouring of God's Spirit was not confined to Pentecost, the Divine enthusiasm which grappled with the abominations of Paganism, refuted its philosophies, routed its illusions, regenerated its corrupt society, re-inspired and reconstructed its shattered institutions, the Spirit of God which of old brooded upon the face of the waters and said, "Let there be light," and there was light, that Spirit is omnipotent to deliver us from dangers far more threatening than these. Only it waits for hearts strong enough and pure enough to receive its mighty inspirations,—hearts pure and transparent as crystals, strong and active as fire, patient and enduring as the hearts of martyrs. Even now the Spirit is calling, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and when men are found noble enough to say with all their hearts, "Here am I, send me," and to go forth, if need be, without bread or scrip or money in their purse, then the Apostolic succession of inspired men will be renewed, and we shall see once more such miracles as were wrought of old by Paul and John, by Benedict and Francis, by Luther and Whitefield.

The Church of God, I say, is the only power on earth which can face the enormous and complicated problems of the future, and by the Church of God I mean you, every one of you; I mean all true Christians, whether they worship in Abbeys or in Ebenezers. The clergy alone are as nothing in this work. They are but twenty thousand, and you are more than thirty

millions. Until each one of you does his own duty the work of God's universal Church will be universally paralysed ; until each sweeps before his own door the streets of the new Jerusalem will not be clean. We are treated to loud jubilations in these days on the work of the Church, and if we hear a string of notices given out about endless services and Holy Communions, we think that a great deal must be doing. I attach very little importance indeed to services and communions, at which, out of parishes of many thousands, perhaps not half-a-dozen persons are present. And in general, much which passes in our ecclesiastical circles for extreme clerical activity is little better than outward function and strenuous idleness. All that kind of activity was in its fullest bloom in the temple of Jerusalem, priest and Pharisees thronged its courts at the time when Jesus was saying on the Mount of Olives, " Not one stone of it shall be left upon another."

I cannot share, I grieve to say, in these jubilations about our progress, when in a city of four millions, three millions and more on one Sunday are in no place of worship. I think the Church should rather be sitting and weeping in dust and ashes than glorifying herself about her own activity. New times want new methods and new men, and if we do not adopt new methods and find new men, who really are men, we shall die of our own impotent respectability. It is not enough for us only to edify, or to strive to edify the faithful few, when so little is being done which reaches the lost many. We need a new order of clergy altogether, side by side with, and nobler than, ourselves,—an order that will live poor in the very midst of the poor, as poorly as they live, giving up, as the Apostle did, everything for Christ ; men who shall take the simple Gospel in their hands and nothing else ; men who are conspicuous for their manliness, their humility, their self-sacrifice, and who by their whole lives will pour silent contempt on gold. And we need among all classes of Englishmen a deeper sincerity, a more willing self-denial, a larger liberality, a truer estimate of the real ends of life, an awakened conception of the truth that heaven means principle, and that life means service, and that there are times when he who would really find his life must lose it. There is not one person in this congeregation, young or old, who ought not to ask himself to-day whether he has been really enrolled in God's great army, or whether his life is useless for any purpose but his own self-indulgence ; whether he has been individually told off into active service in the contest between the powers of life against the powers of death, or whether he is living to no better purpose than to eat, and drink, and sleep, and turn the whole world into a feeding trough for his own especial use. If so, woe unto him, and woe unto the society, and woe unto the nation which has many such sons as this.

Oh ! I entreat you, let us all take to heart these warnings, and let us feel sure that in God's battles slackness is infamy. On every side around us there are calls for the most fearless love of truth and scorn for illusions and hypocrisies, and for the most strenuous action, and scorn for greedy and selfish ease ; for it was on the eve of one of the most terrible destructions which the world has ever seen that Christ said to the full-fed Sadducees and Pharisees of a self-satisfied generation : " In the morning ye say, It will be foul weather to-day : for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites ! ye can discern the face of the sky ; but can ye not discern the signs of the times ?"

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION.

At the close of his Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Chancellor Nelles delivered the following appropriate address to the graduating class.

The present class, he said, was the largest he had ever had the honour of addressing, and was remarkable, also, by reason of its including the children of others who years ago had stood before him. Under such circumstances it was natural that his mind should be flooded with tender memories, in which it might or might not be profitable to indulge. He would pass these things by, although the thought of bygone years was one that would most deeply stir the emotions of his heart if he allowed himself to think or speak in the line of the history of the past or the prospects of the future. He had, during the past few days, asked himself what was the one single counsel or final word he could best address to them on the present occasion. It had always been his endeavour upon similar occasions to somehow draw the thoughts of his hearers in the direction of the Cross. It was not always necessary to do this in the same manner, neither would it be easy, perhaps, after so many years, to find an altogether new one. He had asked himself what was the one single best thing for them to know and to be ; so to know as to have it a part of their being, the central point of their spirit and character. He would put it negatively, and ask himself what was the worst thing that could get possession of the spirit of a young man, or, for that matter, of a young woman; and he would express it in this way, that the worst thing in a young man was when he thought of nobody but himself, or when he thought more of himself than anybody else, or when, not quite so bad, he thought of nobody else except with reference to his own advancement. That, he thought, was the worst thing in any young man. Let that spirit take possession, and become enthroned within and abide with a young man, by night and by day, at home or abroad, in solitude or society, in private or public life, and it would be a power to him, but a power of malignant force. It would be a prolific source of all evil. He would need no other vice than that one. It would be quite sufficient for all forms of vicious life and character. It would manifest itself in all conceivable developments and forms of error as well as wrong-doing. It would show itself in cruelty—sometimes in the minor forms of cruelty called unkindness; in coarseness of manner, lowness of sentiment and ribaldry of speech, and in all things the reverse of the apostle's instruction as to things true, beautiful and good. Sometimes it would show itself in forms of treachery and fraud, sometimes in licentiousness combined with cruelty, which licentiousness in the long run commonly was. All were more or less in danger of this evil spirit, for it was part of our perverted natures. We might say of it as Cicero says of the Epicurean philosophy : "*Nihil magnificum, nihil generosum sapit.*" It reversed the maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It was a sucking whirlpool that drew all within and threw nothing out in forms of heroism, self-sacrifice, kindness or truth. It was Antichrist. It was the reversal of the Story of the Cross, for Christ had said that He came into the world, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, to give his life for a ransom for men. He died that men might live, but not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him, and after the manner of Him who died for them.

The Story of the Cross interpreted that way was the antithesis of the other evil things he had presented to them. They must not regard the Story of the Cross as something exceptional in the divine Providence, a something special in heaven's jurisprudence ; Christ had always dwelt in the heavenly places with His heart of love and His willingness to die, the Lamb slain even from the beginning of the world. If we would be like Christ we must understand that, for

the life of a true man was the life of the Cross. He was not speaking of outward sufferings, or prophesying for them intense suffering, or that they, like martyrs of olden time, would have occasion to pine in a crown dungeon or bleed on the scaffold or burn at the stake, but there was always a cross in a holy life. There was no true life without it, and the only crown that blossomed into a crown of blessedness and glory was the crown of thorns. He was not the happy man who had suffered nothing, or the blessed man that had borne no scars,—who had shrunk from every hour of severe trial, and had thought only of himself; that was not the true life, and if they sought their good along that way they would find it a downward path. Much better would it be for them to go with bare bleeding feet along the sharp and rugged rocks, and, like Paul, to bear in their body the marks of the Lord Jesus. He prayed for them sweet and gentle lives; but he did not pray for them or wish for them the spirit of self-indulgence, the shrinking from toil, pain, and conflict when it pleased God to bring it near them. God grant that all their lives might be prolonged on through long years of usefulness and service of their God and country,—and characterized by a large-hearted liberality and nobleness of sentiment, so that wherever they went, or whatever higher literary or scientific culture or honour they might seek elsewhere, no one would ever be able to point to them the finger of scorn as marked by anything mean, low, or unworthy, or at variance with the character they should bear as having been trained in a Christian seminary of learning, where the effort had been, he trusted, from the beginning to impart that large culture which enhanced the true knowledge of the Word of God.

Current Topics and Events.

A Preacher's Privilege.

No position in the world offers, we believe, such opportunities for serving God and doing good to man as that of a Methodist preacher. The earlier years of his manhood and probation are spent in special preparation for this work and the rest of his life is spent in its performance. A man in business or professional life must give much of his time and toil to purely secular cares and studies. If he wish to help his fellow-men religiously he must snatch the opportunity amid the engagements of a busy life, or must wait for years till he can command the necessary leisure. An earnest Methodist layman of our acquaintance often thanks God that he has the leisure and the disposition to engage in active evangelistic work. But this leisure came after long years of toil. The faithful minister enjoys such privileges all his adult life. He is exclusively set apart for just such work. As Dr. Punshon impressively said in one of his ordination charges: "A preacher has nothing to do but save souls." Blessed privilege! Glorious opportunity! His temporal wants are provided for—not luxuriously it is true, sometimes quite too scantily. But in almost all cases he is sure of food and raiment. And after all what can the greatest on earth possess much beyond that? He has the co-operation of a noble band of official brethren in carrying on the work of God. He has the prayers and sympathy of some of the best men and women living. He is a leader in a great organized army for conquering the world for Christ. He is linked with all the moral forces of the age for uplifting mankind and bringing them to God. To this he can exclusively bind his energies. To this end, with the help of the wisest guides and books he studies and explores the Word and will of

God. The science of theology has well been called the queen of all the sciences—it touches and embraces and dominates them all. But his chiefest joy is the application of this sacred lore, is proclaiming to his fellow-men the message of life and salvation, is assuaging the sorrows and comforting the hearts of the sick and suffering, is pointing sinners to the Lamb of God, is gathering in the sheaves and rejoicing before God with the joy of the harvest. Can any lot on earth be more blessed than this! Is it not worth enduring toil and travail and, if needs be, privation and suffering! Though often poor, yet making many rich, though having nothing yet possessing all things! Such a ministry is a great factor in the higher civilization of the age; it constitutes not only the moral police of the nation for the restraint of evil, but a great moral force in bringing in the reign of Christ on earth.

Nor do we fail to recognize and magnify the privilege of Christian teaching through the printed page or paper. Though less personal in its contact with one's fellow-men it is not less real. One may thus reach men in their hours of quiet thought, in the snatches of leisure of even the busiest life. And the printed page may go where the spoken word cannot, and may win a reading where the latter would be rejected. While there is not the reflex joy of conscious influence and effect, yet often come from far-off lumberer's shanty or fishing village, or mining camp, or distant mission, words of cheer and encouragement that touch the heart and eyes to tears.

These special privileges and opportunities of a preacher give no special prerogative, no lordship over God's heritage. Pre-eminence in privilege is but pre-eminence in toil. The title of the Pope of Rome is *Servus Servorum Dei*. That which the proud Pontiff claims to be, the faithful minister really is—"The servant of the servants of God." Minister and layman are alike fellow-labourers with the Lord Jesus Christ. The men of business, of professional ability, of wealth and social rank are stewards of the Lord's bounty, are almoners of the Almighty. Without their aid the great missionary and benevolent and educational and religious work of the Church would be crippled and marred. In all things we be brethren, bound together by the ties of a common faith, a common work, a common reward.

The Conference Temperance Resolutions.

To no subject do the Methodist Conferences in Canada so promptly and so vigorously respond as to the cause of Temperance—only less sacred than that of religion itself. Temperance may not be religion, but is the necessary forerunner and preparation for it. The temperance tide is rising higher and higher and will sweep before it all the ancient barriers and refuges of lies that have retarded its progress. A Kansas "saloonist" asked concerning the Temperance wave in that State: "What it all meant; what it was going to amount to?" and received the prophetic answer: "It's as wide as the continent and a mile deep—can you swim?" And this tide is rolling on. The saloon must go. The debauching, demoralizing drink-traffic must be abolished. The sturdy, uncompromising resolutions proposed by Dr. Douglas, at the Montreal Conference, which have been taken up and echoed from Conference to Conference throughout the West, are the premonitions of the rising wrath of a people who will not have their most sacred convictions, as to the moral iniquity of that traffic, and their firm resolve that it shall be extirpated, frustrated by any tampering with the Scott Act, or rendering nugatory its provisions. We believe that this resolve shall be reverberated by every religious assembly in this land. This *vox populi* will, we doubt not, be recognized as *vox Dei*, and shall go rolling on in tones which those who make our laws must understand, demanding the protection of our households from the abomination of desolation which so long has laid waste so many hearts and homes.

University Federation at the Conferences.

The friends of this great educational movement have the strongest ground for encouragement in the manner in which it was received by the Western Conferences of the Connexion. The heart of the Church is evidently stirred with sympathy for this movement as it has never been with any educational movement before. The moral force and the indefatigable energy of the Secretary of Education are rousing the people to the height of their privilege and opportunity. Already he is able to announce that fully half of the $450,000 required for the full endowment and equipment of the new Victoria College is provided for, and this is the result of only about six months' effort, during which time the Secretary of Education was charged with the responsibilities of one of the largest churches in the Dominion. We may well ask when was ever so great a work accomplished in so short a time? It remains only for those who have hitherto held back from this movement—and they constitute some of the warmest friends and strongest supporters of Victoria College—to give their weight and influence, and above all, their generous contributions, to the educational policy defined by the General Conference—and its fullest success will be triumphantly assured.

International Sunday-school Convention.

This great gathering, composed of delegates from almost every State in the Union and Province of the Dominion, meets triennially for the discussion of Sunday-school topics. Its places of meeting have been Baltimore, Atlanta, Toronto, Louisville and Chicago. None of the Conventions have been more successful than that in this city, though the recent one in Chicago was most largely attended, over a thousand delegates being present. Canada was pretty fully represented, there being eighteen delegates from Ontario, besides others from Quebec, New Brunswick and Manitoba. Great courtesy was paid the Canadian delegates, among whom were the Revs. W. Henderson, E. Barrass, M.A., J. Dickson, L. C. Peake, Esq., and others. A cordial address of welcome was given, to which the present writer had the pleasure of responding on behalf of Canada, emphasizing the beneficent effect of such international gatherings in promoting international peace. A pleasing episode was the sending of a cable despatch to Queen Victoria, congratulating her on the auspicious jubilee of her reign, and expressing appreciation of her Christian character. When this was read the immense audience rose *en masse* and sang heartily "God Save the Queen." A cordial response to the despatch was received from the Queen. Mr. L. C. Peake was elected representative of Canada on the International Committee. A condensed report of the Convention will be given in our Sunday-school periodicals. Mr. B. F. Jacobs, the great Chicago Sunday-school man, was untiring in his courtesy to the foreign delegates. Procuring carriages he drove a large number of them around the city and through its famous parks. The visit to this most typical American city will long be a memory of pleasure to the delighted guests of the Convention.

We go to press while the Conferences are in session, and cannot announce the statistics of the year. But enough is known to assure us that it has, under the blessing of God, been one of great prosperity. Multitudes of souls have been added to the Church ; the incomes of the Missionary, Educational, Superannuation and other Funds have considerably increased. The Sunday-school, publishing and other interests report a most remarkable advance and healthy condition. We shall give tabulated results in an early issue.

The increase of membership, reported for seven Western Conferences, reaches 11,285, while the net increase for the last three years—according to the *Guardian*—reaches nearly 45,000, or nearly forty per cent. increase since the consummation of Methodist Union, in 1884.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The annual meeting of the Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall, London. Sir Charles Warren, recently one of Her Majesty's representatives in South Africa, occupied the chair and spoke in terms of great commendation respecting missionary work in that country, more especially among the Bechuanas. As evidence of the progress of Wesleyan missions during Queen Victoria's reign it may be stated that fifty years ago there were three hundred and six missionaries on one hundred and eighty circuits, and sixty-four thousand six hundred and ninety-one members, and an income of £75,000. Now there are one thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine mission circuits; two thousand five hundred and ninety-two missionaries; and four hundred and thirty thousand two hundred and sixty-seven members. There are ten thousand nine hundred and nineteen churches and preaching stations. The income for the past year was £143,182.

The question of Methodist union excites great attention in England. Judging from the numerous resolutions adopted at various quarterly meetings in all the branches of Methodism, it is evident that the feeling in favour of union is increasing. Several united sacramental services have been held, and ministers of different Methodist Churches have occupied each other's pulpits.

Rev. Thos. Waugh, T. Champness and others are doing important work as revivalists. Mr. Champness has a number of persons under his care at the *Joyful News* Home, whom he sends forth to labour in villages. A prominent feature in the labours of all those evangelists is *holiness*. Another is the determination to secure the hearty co-operation not only of ministers but also the members of all the churches. The Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., and M. G. Pearse have been holding evangelistic services in the Presbyterian Churches in Edinburgh, and have been requested to hold similar services in the churches of the Rev. Dr. Parker and Rev. Newman Hall, London.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dr. A. S. Hunt, one of the agents of the Book Concern, New York, stated at a recent Conference that of the ninety-eighty years which have elapsed since the Concern was established, the last was the most successful in regard to sales and profits. The amount of profit on the capital is seven per cent.; on sales, twelve per cent. The debt is paid. This year $22,000 is distributed among the Conferences and next year $30,000 is promised. The property on Mulberry Street and on Broadway is to be sold and buildings adapted to the needs of the publishing interests are to be erected. Such a building can be put up free from debt.

Since the Board of Church Extension began its work in 1865, it has helped to build five thousand eight hundred and five churches, more than half the entire increase of churches since the work began. It has collected and disbursed nearly $3,000,000.

Washington Square Sunday-school in New York city during the last twenty years has contributed $46,893.56 to the cause of missions. Few Sunday-schools, if any, can show a better record.

The Methodist ladies of Saratoga Springs adopted the plan of giving a penny a day to pay the debt on their church, and last year raised $1,950 for the purpose.

Recently, ten missionaries attended a farewell meeting in Washington Square Church prior to their embarkation to Africa to labour in connection with Bishop Taylor.

Colonel Joseph M. Bennett, of Philadelphia, has given in various forms $200,000 to the Methodist Church. He is not a Methodist, but his mother was, and her dying request to him was to do some service to the Church with his wealth.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Dr. John A. Williams, one of the General Superintendents, has formed the Conference in British Columbia, of which the Rev. E. Robson was elected President. This is a well-earned honour. The Rev. Joseph Hall is Secretary. An increase of two hundred and sixty-one members is reported. The Crosby Girls' Home contains nineteen girls and one boy. Since its organization it has given shelter to one hundred children. There is a deficiency of funds of $300. At the Naas River Orphanage, established seven years ago about forty boys have been cared for.

The Conference recommends the formation of industrial schools for Indian children. Not less than ten stations are left without missionaries. The new Conference has been inaugurated under very favourable circumstances.

As these notes are being prepared the Montreal Conference is in session in the city of Kingston. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that the newly-elected President, the Rev. Dr. Shaw, should be a native of this city, and that here also he was converted, preached his first sermon, here also he was ordained, and now he occupies the chair of Conference. Rev. W. Jackson, who has held the position of Secretary of Conference nine years, was cordially thanked for his services. This is an unusual term. We are glad to record the fact that the net increase of members is two thousand five hundred and fifty-nine.

In the first draft of stations a new district appears, known as Nippising. The terms "to be supplied," and "one to be sent," appear no less than twenty-one times; six of which are in the French district, which may teach us that there is still need for more labourers.

It will gratify our readers to know that the past year has been one of great prosperity in connection with the Book Room and Publishing House; $6,000 of the profits was donated to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, which enabled the Treasurer to pay the claimants in full.

The Endowment Fund has now reached $169,548, and the income is $19,996. In 1868 the income was only $4,000. The fees last year amounted to $8,476.

The Methodist denomination in Philadelphia eclipses all others in that city as to the number of churches. It now has one hundred and twenty-eight churches, fourteen of which are coloured.

Judge Macdonald, of Brockville, of the Church of England Synod, was introduced and extended fraternal greetings, and urged co-operation in mission work.

The past year has also been one of unusual prosperity in connection with Victoria University. The graduating class numbered thirty-two. The total number of graduates is two thousand two hundred and nineteen, of whom five hundred and forty-two are in arts.

The itinerancy subjects ministers and their families to many inconveniences, but, happily, the joys exceed the sorrows. Some of our brethren whose term of labour expires on their respective circuits at the close of the Conference year, received many flattering encomiums from their people. Dr. Potts was awarded a gold-headed cane by the Sunday-school children of Elm Street Church, Toronto; the Rev. J. E. Starr, on leaving Berkeley Street, in the same city, received a purse containing $200 in gold, and Mrs. Starr was the recipient of a massive gold watch and chain. Mr. Starr has been appointed to labour in the British Columbia Conference.

The following brethren received, at the late Convocation of Victoria University, the honorary degree of D.D.: Rev. B. Lane, New York; Rev. W. Pirritte, Canada; Rev. W. Williams, Canada; Rev. W. Pascoe, Canada. We congratulate these

brethren on the well-merited honours conferred upon them.

The intelligence which is received from all parts of the mission field might be profitably utilised not only at missionary prayer-meetings but in the pulpit services of the Sabbath. It used to be a custom in New England, among all denominations, to observe the first Sabbath evening in the month for communicating missionary intelligence to the people. Nothing like spreading the joyful news of the glorious Gospel.

There has been a large increase of missionary funds in the Sunday-schools during the past year. If all schools would do like those in Montreal, where there are nineteen Methodist Sabbath-schools with 3,546 scholars, the amounts would be larger. The missionary contributions of the schools in Montreal last year amounted to $4,657, an average of $1.31 per scholar and an increase of $502 over the preceding year.

The demands for enlargement in the Institute at Tokio are very pressing, hundreds have applied for admission who cannot be admitted. Some of the teachers are suffering from declining health, arising from close confinement to their duties.

Items.

The eighty-third meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held on the 4th ult. in Exeter Hall. In the report quite a lengthened contrast was made between the condition of the society in 1836 and in 1886. The income had risen from £100,000 to £250,000, the issue of Bibles from 600,000 to 4,000,000. In 1836 the cheapest Bible cost two shillings, now it can be had for tenpence, and while fifty years ago the cheapest New Testament was sixpence, it is now one penny. The total number of Bibles issued since the society commenced was 112,253,547. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and other distinguished persons were the speakers.

Baptist Missionary Diaz says there are three thousand converts in Cuba waiting to seize the opportunity to be immersed by night to elude the vigilance of the priests.

The people of Formosa, instructed by the missionary of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, are now giving practical proof of the value they put upon religion by making arrangements to establish a mission of their own in the Pescadores Islands.

Nine young Norwegian missionaries who have been studying at the mission school at Stavanger for six years, and also having medical training, are about to leave for fields in Africa and Madagascar.

The Baptists of England record a very successful missionary year. The income, $350,000, was the largest ever reached. In India forty new schools had been established and a good many thoroughly educated natives are studying for the ministry. The year seems to have been an exceptionally prosperous one.

The English Church Missionary Society, the richest of the foreign societies, reports that of $1,157,000, only $6,500 came from the titled classes.

The Presbyterian Church in Ireland now comprises over five hundred congregations, with six hundred and twenty-six ministers, and more than one hundred and two thousand communicants. There are over one hundred thousand Sabbath-schools, with nearly nine thousand teachers, and an attendance of over one hundred thousand scholars. Last year's accounts show that the voluntary contributions reached nearly $785,000, including $81,975 for missions.

The Death Roll.

The Rev. J. B. McFerrin, D.D., the oldest minister of the M. E. Church South, died at Nashville, May 9th. He was a grand man, the Nestor of Southern Methodism. In November, 1883, an announcement was made that he was dead. Many editorial articles were then published respecting him, but he survived nearly four years and had the opportunity of reading the criticisms of his brethren. He was sixty-

two years in the ministry and began his career in the same year as the late Dr. Ryerson. He was a missionary among the Indians, Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Missionary Secretary, and Book Agent. His labours in every department were successful. He was a member of the General Conference for the first time in 1836, and was a member of every successive General Conference that was held prior to his death. He was a man whom his brethren delighted to honour.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has again been bereaved. Oliver Hoyt, Esq., and W. C. DePaw, Esq., have been called to their reward. They were both men of rare ability, wonderfully successful in business. The career of the latter was especially remarkable. In the sixteenth year of his age he was left an orphan, without a cent to call his own, and yet he lived to possess $6,000,000. Both gentlemen gave liberally of their means to religious and benevolent purposes and were not forgetful of the interests of various Church organizations when they bequeathed their property to survivors. Mr. Hoyt donated $20,000 to the Missionary Society, $25,000 to the Wesleyan University, and several other smaller amounts to other institutions. Mr. DePaw took special interest in Educational institutions. Asbury University, which bears his honoured name, received nearly $1,000,000 from him. During life he gave away about $4,000,000. Both gentlemen were real Methodists and took deep interest in all the means of grace and institutions peculiar to the Church.

While we were preparing these notes tidings reached us that the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., of Philadelphia, had finished his course. He was the prince of childrens' preachers. Those who attended the first Sunday-school Parliament at Thousand Island Park, and were present at the Provincial Sabbath-school Association at Belleville a few years ago, will not have forgotten the venerable gentleman. He was the author of several volumes of sermons especially addressed to children, the last of which related to the Life of Christ. They have all had an extensive sale, and some have been translated into foreign languages. Dr. Newton was seventy-four years of age.

Book Notices.

Commentary on the Gospel of Matthew. By JOHN A. BROADUS, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. ii.-610. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Price (in U.S.) $2.25.

Dr. Broadus, the learned Principal of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., has won a well-merited reputation as one of the most sound and lucid of modern commentators. In this volume he amply vindicates that reputation. The needs of the average Bible reader, of the Sunday-school teacher, of the preaching fraternity, have been kept in view in preparing this work. The expositions are eminently practical, and the homiletical department will be found exceedingly suggestive and helpful. This commentary does not profess to be undenominational. It is frankly and strongly Baptist in its discussion of all questions relating to baptism. But it is courteous, candid and fair to those adopting different expositions. "After all," says the learned author, "there are but few passages in the Gospel in regard to which evangelical opinion is seriously at variance."

A valuable general introduction to the New Testament is prefixed by the venerable Dr. Alvah Hovey, the general editor of the comprehensive commentary of which this volume forms a part. The work is stereotyped at the expense of a bequest for that purpose by Gardner Colby; so, though a large volume, it is published at a low price.

The Life of the Rev. George Haddock, Hero and Martyr. By FRANK C. HADDOCK. Pp. 541. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.

The Rev. George C. Haddock, of Sioux City, was killed because he was determined that the liquor men in that city should obey the law. He was waylaid at night, Aug. 3, 1886, and shot from behind by the foreman of a leading brewery, in pursuance of a confessed conspiracy to assassinate him. His murderers have not yet been punished. Four have confessed the conspiracy.

The son of this Christian martyr has prepared a life of his father, which is of thrilling interest. As a faithful Methodist preacher he was an uncompromising foe to the liquor traffic, and became the victim of its vengeance. He was a man of superior ability, of rare poetic gifts, as this volume shows, and of lofty moral purpose and courage. The author's royalty on this LIFE OF HADDOCK will, it is hoped, be large—sufficient to make ample provision for the wife who was so cruelly and quickly brought within the shadow of widowhood by the assassin's bullet. It will go to her, and is sorely needed. The book is handsomely gotten up and illustrated.

Loving Counsels: Sermons and Addresses. By the REV. CHARLES GARRETT. London: T. Woolmer; Toronto: William Briggs.

Few men live more fully in the affections and confidence of his brethren than Charles Garrett. His election to the highest place in British Methodism was a tribute to his nobleness of character and impassioned zeal in Christian work. In these sermons he appears, we think, at his best. Many of them were preached on special occasions. The first, for instance, is an ordination charge; others are memorial or valedictory sermons. One is an address at the Œcumencial conference. Several are terrible arraignments of the drink traffic. Three are sermons to children's Bands of Hope. It will thus be seen that they touch the living issues of the times, not the Apollinarian or other heresies of fifteen hundred years ago. This is the sort of preaching that the age needs—the sort of preaching that will save England and will save the world. Bad as the drink traffic is here, thank God it is not so bad, so damning and desolating, as it is in the old land. The voice of Charles Garrett is a trumpet call summoning the hosts of God to a crusade against this greatest evil of the times.

Jubilee, Patriotic and other Poems. By ROBERT AWDE. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 25 cents.

Mr. Awde is one of the most vigorous and versatile of our Canadian poets. His verses have in them a patriotic ring that stirs the pulses like a bugle blast. The present collection, which comes to hand just as we go to press, is largely composed of stirring lyrics called forth by the Queen's jubilee and by recent events in our Canadian history. We especially commend the patriotic lines on "Dominion Day," the "Volunteers' Songs," and the "Heroes of Senegal."

Poems of Ten Years, 1877–1886. By MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT. 12mo, pp. 143. Halifax, N.S.: MacGregor & Knight.

This is a volume of genuine poetic merit by an accomplished contributor to this MAGAZINE. We give it cordial welcome as a valuable addition to our Canadian poetic literature. Many of the poems have a stirring patriotic ring, others are in a pensive vein, and all are suffused with a devout and reverent spirit, as all true poetry should be. The most considerable poem of the volume is founded on the quaint and touching legend of the giant St. Christopher, who, resolved that he would serve only the strongest, renounced the service of the mighty Kaiser to become the servant of the Lord Christ, revealed to him as a little child. Hence his name—the Christ-bearer. This tender legend is depicted on many a rude fresco on the outer

walls of the churches of northern Italy. A noble tribute is paid to the genius of Carlyle and to the heroism of Gordon, though we dissent from the judgment that, on account of his untimely fate,

On England's brow
The Cain mark branded by her crime
Must beg the charity of time.

The dedication of the volume is very touching and tender:

Forth, little book, into the wide world go,—
Forth in her name whose fond eye watched thee grow;
Who hoped to see thee girt for voyage so.

Would I might lay thee in her vanished hand
For whose sweet sake thy pilgrimage was planned!
But none has heard her step in all the land.

No song of thine can reach the spirit ear,
No plaining note can draw the spirit tear,
Nor page of thee to spirit eye appear.

The soul of thee alone its way can press
Through sensuous veil to her unearthiness,
And know, not hear, that lips of silence bless.

There is a beauty of thought and conciseness of expression about the following that are admirable:

THE MERCY OF GOD.

They have a saying in the East:—
Two angels note the deeds of men,
And one is first and one is least.
When men do right, one takes his pen
And magnifies the deed to ten.
This angel is at God's right hand,
And holds the other in command.
He says to him when men do wrong,
"The man was weak, temptation strong,—
Write not the record down to-day;
To-morrow he may grieve and pray."
It may be myth; but this is sooth—
No ruth is lasting as God's ruth;
The strongest is the tenderest;
He who best knows us loves us best.

Observe also the same qualities in the following couplet from a sonnet on Jacques Cartier:

St. Malo holds his dust, the world his fame,
But his strong, dauntless soul 'tis ours to claim.

We have room for only one more quotation, a part of a fine poem entitled "A Song of Failure."

The weary hand I sing, and heart,
That never poet sang;
The silent song, the buried art,
The unknown martyr's pang.

A thousand pæans noise the deeds
Of men who fought and won;
I sing the hero masked in weeds,
And shrinking from the sun.

He fought as good and brave a fight
As ever mortal fought;
His eye was keen, his cause was right,—
And all availed naught.

I sing the men who did the right
When wrong was on the throne,
And fearless, in a world's despite,
Stood for the truth alone.

* * * *

Tell me not he who fails will miss
The guerdon of his aim:
The life that crowns the hope of this
Will meet the soul's just claim.

A voice I hear,—They only win
Who, brave and pure and true,
Discrown the foe that reigns within,
And self and sin subdue.

We trust that Mr. Knight will receive from the Canadian public the cordial appreciation that his poetic merit deserves.

Humour, Pith and Pathos. A Book of *Readings and Recitations.* By Rev. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 35 cents.

This book contains the gleanings of many years in a wide and varied field of readings. It ranges from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." It rings soundly on the temperance question, and will provoke now a laugh and now a tear. We commend it for use in Temperance and Sunday-school anniversaries, social gatherings, and the like.

Common Sense Science. By GRANT ALLEN. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

Grant Allen is a Canadian-born scientist, who has won a distinguished reputation for his brilliant mode of popularizing the most recent discoveries and investigations of science. The book is one of fascinating interest. Among the topics treated by his lucid pen are "The Balance of Nature," "Inhabited Worlds," "Instinct and Reasoning," "The Earth's Interior," "Knowledge and Opinion," "Second Nature," "Self-consciousness," "Sleep," etc. The volume is bound in library form, with gilt top.

Entering on Life: a Book for Young Men. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE. New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price (in U. S.) $1.

The accomplished author of "The Life and Words of Christ" groups here a series of wise and weighty counsels to young men, under such titles as youth, character, companions, success, Christianity, helps, reading, etc. No young man can read them without being intellectually and morally benefited. It is not often that religious counsels are conveyed with such charming grace of manner, in a style of such brilliance, and garnered wealth of literary allusion.

Precious Promises; or, Light from Beyond. By same author and publishers. Price 75 cents.

This dainty volume is made up of a series of religious meditations, thirty-one in number, each accompanied by an appropriate poem. They are devout, tender and reverent; ministering to the inner life, exalting above the things seen and temporal the things unseen and eternal. Like all Dr. Geikie's writings, they are marked by rare grace and beauty of style.

The Guiding Hand; or, Some Phases of the Religious Life of the Day. By the Rev. E. A. STAFFORD, A.B. Toronto: William Briggs.

These sermons attracted much attention during their delivery, and elicited many testimonies as to their helpfulness in the study of the important theme which they discuss. Its reproduction in this permanent form is the more important, as there is a striking dearth of books on the subject. The volume is marked by its author's characteristic independence of thought and originality of expression.

The Bible the Mightiest Factor in Human Progress, with Hints to Evolutionists. By Rev. JAMES GRAHAM. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 10 cents.

This little book is verily *multum in parvo.* Its author condenses into a few vigorous pages the results of much thought and wide reading. With a relentless logic he exposes the inconsistencies of the modern skeptic and defends the grand old Bible as the greatest agent in the development of the higher civilization of the world. A characteristic vein of humour makes the book very attractive reading.

Life in a Look. By MAURICE BALDWIN, Bishop of Huron. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price 15 cents.

This is an exceedingly practical treatise, by a thoroughly evangelical writer, on the necessity and nature of the New Birth. Few can read its soul-stirring pages without intense aspirations after a Christian life.

LITERARY NOTE.

The Contemporary Pulpit, by Swan, Sonnenschein, etc. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs; 15 cents monthly), gives in a neat form sermons by the leading living preachers of Great Britain. The quarterly issue of the same gives several sermons by the same author. The last issue is devoted to Canon Farrar, one of whose striking discourses we reproduce elsewhere.

THE HUT IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE DIED.